TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

IT would seem that Christendom has awakened, and that the awakening has taken form in the Laymen's Missionary Movement. If the Laymen's Missionary Congress, held in Toronto last week, and attended by some four thousand earnest people daily, means anything, it means that there is only one true religion, and that is the religion of help your neighbor.

For perhaps the first time in the history of the Christian church the business men have come to the fore, seriously and in numbers; and they are as a body grappling with the problems of this un-Christian-like world in a business way. The clergy, as a whole, have talked and prayed, but in truth they have not as a great body gone very far. They have spent so much time discussing the divine origin of Genesis; and whether the bishop shall wear a red robe or a purple one; wear a mitre or carry a staff, that unfortunately they have not succeeded in impressing upon the people at large the necessity of picking up a neighbor and putting him on his feet. This the business man, the politician, the statesman and the gentleman of leisure, as represented in the Laymen's Missionary Movement, is doing for them. These men have come to the conclusion, to use their own words, that missions are a good investment. Let us hope so, for in that event the movement is bound for a high place.

This has ceased to be a cruel world in the sense that our forefathers knew it generations ago. We no longer dangle men from the roadside for the crows to pick. The duel, slavery, famines and pestilences have practically left the world, let us hope for all time. Human life is broader than it was. We are all, broadly speaking, working to make order out of casualty, beauty out of confusion. The world is now a better place for the common man than ever it was. Things get better because men mean them to get better, and try to bring betterment about. Men respond to what H. G. Wells, the socialistic writer, calls Good Will. Men respond to Good Will and display Good Will. This is just what the Laymen's Missionary Movement is doing to-day.

Thoughtless, instinctive cruelty belong to past ages, but at the same time we have far to go before we reach that Utopia of living of which every man dreams. The speakers at the Laymen's Missionary Congress talked much of China, Japan and India, but I saw not even a passing reference to the sodden immorality, the filth, the want and privation existing in the great capitals of the Christian world. There was much talk of the Hindoo, but what of the homeless who wander nightly along the Thames embankment in London, or of the squalid thousands in the tenement districts of New York, or of the millions in the God-forsaken fields of helpless, hopeless Russia?

The same author I have quoted above, H. G. Wells, states with authority that eighty per cent. of the school children of London are underfed and insufficiently clothed. More than one-half are unwholesomely dirty and more than one-half of the infants are invested with vermin. This in the days of unparalleled luxury, ten million dollar battleships and multi-millionaires.

The Salvation Army in its own rough, uncouth way, has done much in these great centres of population; in these slums where vermin and bad living abound, but there is still much to do. It is not yet necessary for us to go to China and Japan to find dirt and stress, violence and vermin. The worst of the East as compared with the worst of the West, would leave, I think, the Chinese and the Japanese little to blush for.

There is food sufficient for all in this world. Shelter enough for all, and wealth enough for all. It is in the distribution that we fail. Helping the needy in this world is a science, and old General Booth is a scientist, just as surely as Bacon, Darwin and Faraday.

May the Laymen's Missionary Movement prosper and grow, but let these men not forget in their great work that charity begins at home.

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L. O. ARMSTRONG, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, sounds a warning note respecting indiscriminate buying of any old stock that has Gowganda printed across it. Mr. Armstrong visits the "far places" at regular intervals. In fact, that's his business; and moreover, he knows something of mining. He says that the name Gowganda is being used to cover up all sorts of wild cat mining ventures, in which a great many people are bound to lose a lot of money unless they move with exceeding care. "It is my conviction," he says, "that a great deal of money will be made in Gowganda silver during the coming summer, but only by those who invest through reliable persons, or by those who go to the country and see it for themselves; or better yet, by those who send qualified and trustworthy people to investigate for them.

By the way, I hear a rumor that a prominent member of the present Whitney Government is mixed up in a Gowganda deal, and that said deal has a fishy flavor. I hope this rumor is not true, for the present Government has set a high standard of honesty, and may they long maintain it.

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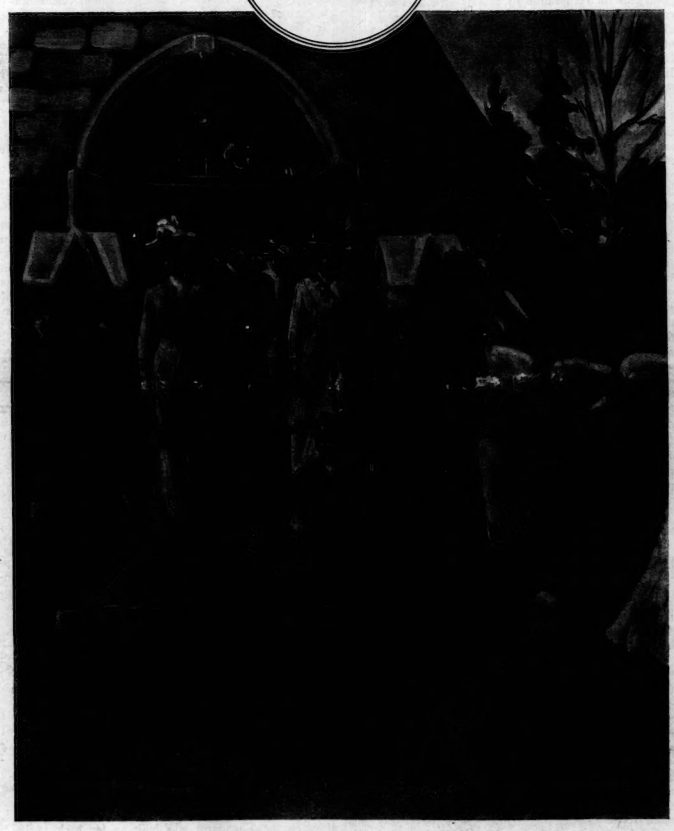
IF the Ottawa authorities are not capable of grappling with the United States Immigration Act, as it pertains to Canadian citizens and Englishmen, as well as British subjects generally, then the matter should be turned over to the London authorities to eventually reach Washington through the British Minister. Hardly a day goes by but some British subject is turned back at the border, and only allowed to pass into the sacred precincts of United States territory after endless bother and no little expense. The difficulty is that these immigration laws as framed at Washington are much too broad in their scope. They were meant originally to keep out certain classes of undesirable immigrants, but as they work out any resident of the British Isles who chances to come to Canada via a Canadian port and who afterward desires to visit the United States, is subjected to all sorts of indignities. In the first place, the traveller must obtain from the proper United States authorities before starting on his journey a certificate for which he puts up his good money. Add to this the fact that strictly within the workings of the Act he must be examined by a physician; must tell the United States authorities all his private and public business; all he has ever done and all he ever expects to do; how much money he has in his pockets, and a dozen other indignities to which no gentleman or lady wishes to submit.

How outrageously offensive such an Act may become was indicated at the time of the meeting in Canada of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire. Three gentlemen connected with the Congress, among them the Mayor of Leeds and the chairman of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, came to Canada via the St. Lawrence, and after being the guests of the Dominion to and from the Pacific coast, they resolved to pay the United States a short visit. The three gentlemen started from Montreal, their destination being New York city. At Plattsburg, N.Y., they were held up by the United States immigration official and were not allowed to proceed until they had communicated with the United States Commissioner in Montreal, who, after a great deal of trouble on the part of prominent Canadians, granted the necessary permission, at the same time stating that the official who had held them up was merely doing his duty. Truly a fine impression these gentlemen must have of the "Land of the free and the home of the brave."



HER EASTER COSTUME

The one method by which the unjust and ridiculous features of this Immigration Act may be made to dawn upon the law makers at Washington would be a little of the spirit of retaliation. Let a few ship loads of United States globe trotters be held up at Liverpool, while some dirty handed doctor pokes his dirty fingers in their mouths, and turns back their eyelids; asks them what their great-grandfathers did when they were out of jail, and a few other leading questions. It would work wonders in Washington; particularly if these people who summer in England were told that the Englishman proceeding from British territory into the United States was treated in the selfsame manner.

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DELEGATES to the Imperial Press Conference will meet in London in June next. If one may judge by the programme, mapped out in recent numbers of the London papers, the delegates are going to have the time of their lives. On Saturday, June 5, there will be a banquet of welcome by the entire press of Great Britain. Lord Burnham will preside, and the Earl of Rosebery will speak. Later on they will be entertained by the House of Commons and the House of Lords. There will be a garden party at Marlborough House. They will be the guests of the Lord Mayor, guests of the Raneleigh Club, of Mr. Pearson, of Lord Northcliffe, of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, of the War Office and of the Navy Department, and of so many other departments and people that space does not permit of their mention. As I said before, these members of the Press Conference will have the time of their lives, and many, no doubt, will contract gout, liver complaint and other troubles over-fed man is heir to. There will be only one thing lacking in the Imperial Press Conference, and that is an absence of newspaper men. Newspaper proprietors in plenty, but writers so few that one could gather the entire aggregation in a clothes closet.

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TORONTO'S Board of Education was up to a few days ago looked upon as a body possessing a fair proportion of common sense. When, however, they took it upon themselves to place in the minute book a resolution opposing the engagement or employment of teachers of Roman Catholic faith in the public schools, they are stamped as a silly lot of bigots. For years it has been the aim of the public school system of Ontario to bring into these schools all classes and creeds, for people in the Province recognize very generally that non-sectarian homes of learning are the thing for this new land. Canada is to-day a heterogeneous nation, and it is largely through the public school that it must be welded together. The United States is a living example of what a public school system of non-sectarian character can do for a great mass of people gathered together from the far ends of the earth. In a generation, two generations at most, they become American citizens of the most pronounced type. In these public schools the Italian, the Slav, the German and the French-Canadian mingle together. They get to know one another; they forget the language of their forefathers, and in time the flag which waved over their parents has become but a memory. So it is that United States citizens are made.

Here in Canada we have the same problem before us. Unfortunately for us we have separate schools. We would be far better without them; but having them the thing for Canadians to do is to minimize as much as possible their influence. This can be done in only one way, and that is by extending the hand of friendship to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant alike, and this is exactly what Toronto's benighted School Board has failed to do. The Roman Catholic school in the United States is to-day a decidedly negative institution, considering the large population holding to this faith. Throughout the entire Republic the public schools are largely patronized, particularly in the higher branches, by boys and girls of the Roman faith, but, great Caesar, the school boards don't get up and proclaim that they will not employ a teacher because said teacher happens to go to the Catholic instead of the Methodist church. No, such stunts are left for the School Board of the city of Toronto.

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IN some quarters it is thought necessary for the Provincial Legislature to adopt measures whereby the civil servants at Ottawa will be protected from the usurer. In other words the Private Bill Committee has before it a bill asking the incorporation of the Civil Service Co-operative Savings and Loan Company, the avowed object of which is to lead the small borrower, in the person of Ottawa civil servants, out of the hands of the money shark and his 200 per cent. per annum interest charges. This is all right as far as it goes, but what should be done is pass legislation at Ottawa by which it would be impossible for these financial bloodsuckers to further carry on their trade. Some years ago a bill was put through the Federal House by means of which it was thought the usury game would be killed; that it would no longer be possible to loan money at a rate of interest exceeding 12 per cent. per annum, at which figure the loan shark could not do a paying business. But these modern Shylocks managed to get around the measure in such a manner that to-day it is practically a dead letter, and the usurer exists as of old, only in a different form.

Why waste time over a bill which provides relief for one little community? Of course, it is well-known that the average civil servant lives above his means and as a consequence is ordinarily in debt to the money shark or someone else. But other folks, in other places, run in debt too, and get in the hands of the man who charges 200 per cent. per annum. The loan shark thrives to-day as of old in every centre in Canada. What is required is legislation by which it would be impossible for him to connive with another loan shark or two and thus evade the law. Surely the Federal Legislature of the Dominion of Canada is not going to surrender to a lot of money sharks, just because they have found a method, by shoving notes from one to another, of evading the present laws against usury.

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THE future of the heavier-than-air flying machine is as yet undetermined, but at the same time it is quite clear that the baloon, such as Count Zepplin has been using in his flights in Germany with a crew of twenty-six men on board, is bringing the science of air-navigation down to a concrete workable basis. If Count Zepplin can sustain himself in the air, hour after hour, with a crew of twenty-six men, and operate his dirigible air ship with a fair degree of certainty in fair weather, then it has become a real factor in warfare, and this evidently the Germans count upon. Germany has already spent several hundred thousand pounds upon experiments of this character, with the result that she has arrived at least half way; for she has made something that will be a real menace to the enemy in the event of conflict.

Count Zepplin's dirigible could not land an army corps on British or French soil, nor could a vast fleet—perhaps it would be better to say flock—land troops in a foreign land sufficient to make it worth while; but think of the damage should the worthy Count take command of a half dozen or dozen of such air ships, fill them with dynamite and other high explosives and start for the enemies' country. A journey of several hundred miles would present no difficulties to such a fleet in anything like fair weather. The results would be hard to conjecture. Where would heavily armed fortresses, and ten million dollar Dreadnoughts be in such an event? What if such a fleet suddenly appeared over Paris or London—would it be a case of capitulate or be blown to atoms? It's worth thinking over.

In the meantime Germany is going on with her experiments and her building of dirigibles. It is stated on good authority that within a year or two she will have a fleet of no less than twenty-four of these air ships, all large and fast, with great carrying capacity. In the meantime what has England done in this line? Practically nothing. So far as we know the British public men have been busy calling for Dreadnoughts. It would perhaps be well for England to watch as closely the building of this airship fleet as she has the building of the German warships. It might cost less and perhaps be more effective in the days to come.

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WHAT a city of Toronto's size requires in a theatrical censor is not a man who can decide upon the allowable length of the soubrette's ruffles or the permissible broadness of the comedian's jokes. These are necessary but very ordinary qualifications, but when a city has grown from the stage when the visit of Company 46 with Uncle Tom's Cabin is an event to the formation of an Ibsen cult, a further requirement has come upon us.

What the city now needs in this regard is not a man with a measure but rather one of some artistic appreciation and literary knowledge. The blanketing of Billiken and the banishment of a red devil from the city billboards is only funny; it is hardly important. It is absurd to expect that the man whose attention is taken up with such matters can adequately cope with the subtle lewdness of the French farce or the "problem play."

A policeman's is a necessary and useful work, but it should not be expected to include literary or artistic appreciation. The education necessary for the proper censorship of plays is not required of a recruit entering the police service, and if he attends to his work thereafter he has little time to acquire it. What is needed in this position in a city such as Toronto has become, where the theatrical bill of fare is large and varied, is a man capable of appreciating the value and effect of the play which is served up to the educated public.

Much of the good or evil of a play depends upon the tone given to it by the cast. The same lines in different hands may be made a stern or humorous lesson or a leering jibe at all the moralities. What is needed is not a prude nor yet a loose hand, but a man who may honestly value a high level of public opinion and seek honestly to carry it into effect.

The city of Toronto receives each year some three thousand dollars in license fees from the theatres. If half or even three-quarters of this sum was expended in salary and the services of a thoroughly competent censor obtained it would, in my opinion, be money well invested. As I said before, artistic appreciation and literary knowledge, coupled with long familiarity with plays, both past and present, are the special requirements.

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THE experiment of dislodging the ice in the St. Lawrence by means of an ice breaker, which if successful, means earlier navigation [illegible] Canada's great summer port, and the At[illegible] watched with a great deal of interest both in Canada and the United States. Ordinarily May first is well behind in the calendar before the St. Lawrence between Quebec and

Montreal has cleared itself of ice sufficiently to make the bringing up of an ocean liner feasible, though at the same time it has been demonstrated time and again that the gulf and lower river may be navigated freely at least a month earlier.

April navigation between points on the Great Lakes and the summer ocean port would do wonders for Canadian trade. Of course, it would have to be demonstrated beyond a doubt that ice breakers are capable of raising this blockade each spring as it comes along, for earlier navigation would mean the rearrangement of schedules of not only ocean going ships, but of the inland carriers as well. Then, again, to make the chain complete the canals would be obliged to open in accord with the new date. At the present time Canada does upward of three quarters of her ocean going trade in the scant seven months of St. Lawrence navigation, the reason being obvious, the cheaper facilities afforded by that route. So that if even two weeks can, with certainty, be added to navigation in the spring of the year, the gain to the country at large would be enormous. It would mean that the earlier shipments of grain and other produce from all that country drained by the Great Lakes or within freighting distance of the same, would find an outlet via our own port in place of going largely to the United States ports of Boston and New York as is now the case in the early spring.

The ice breaker Montcalm has so far succeeded in breaking up the ice bridge at Quebec, which spring after spring delays ocean going vessels at that point. If she can do this it is not unreasonable to presume that the Montcalm or larger and more powerful vessels of the same sort will be able to proceed right through to Montreal. In any event it is well worth trying out.

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THE mistake of the Harrisburg, Pa., doctor who operated on an eight year old girl for appendicitis, while as a matter of fact she had been sent to the hospital suffering from enlarged tonsils, reminds me of a case which occurred here in Canada a few years ago, but which turned out a grim tragedy. A youth, a school boy, was suffering from a severe malady in one of his eyes, and it was finally decided in order to save the good optic that the diseased one be removed. He was put under ether and the operation performed. But, horror of horrors, when the bandages were removed, it was found that the doctor had taken out the good eye and the boy was stone blind. The doctor who performed this reckless piece of surgery is, I believe, practicing in Chicago to-day.

THE COLONEL.

Coming Canadian Centennial.

By ISAAC HARLEY BROCK.

IT took five years of an educational campaign on part of its promoters to lead up to the splendid Quebec pageants, last summer. But the success of the Tercentenary celebration as an illustration of the progress and patriotism of our race, challenged the admiration of the world, and seems to have stirred the public-spirited men of our original prairie province to the importance of the centenary anniversary of the arrival in that country of Lord Selkirk and the founding of the Red River colony, as an event of the first magnitude in the history of Canada.

The citizens of Winnipeg have consequently set on foot an enterprise looking to the commemoration of this event in the form of a Centennial Exposition of national scope and character, to be held in the year 1912. Its aim will be to promote material progress by presenting to the world an object lesson exemplifying the progress, development and resources of Western Canada. Without entering into any critical consideration of the feasibility of so ambitous a project, or the probability of its success, the prospect for which is hardly encouraged by the financial failure that attended similar enterprises having a wider theatre of interest and patronage—such as the Lewis J. Clark Exposition at the Pacific coast, and the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis—it may be conceded that the institution of the Red River Settlement was an event of as great importance and as far-reaching value, in the history of Canadian progress as either of those landmarks in the development of the United States.

This proposal, however, serves to remind the people of Ontario of the near approach of the one hundredth anniversary of the pivotal incident of their history—an event of supreme importance not only to this province and to the Dominion of Canada, but to the British Empire at large and upon which hinged not only the destiny of Canada, but its very existence as a self-government country perpetuating British liberty, laws, and institutions.

The people of to-day who represent the old Province of Upper Canada would be wanting in patriotic sensibility and in appreciation of the heroic and self-sacrificing achievement of that band of Spartan pioneers to whose indomitable courage and inflexible loyalty we owe it that to-day British law and British liberty are impregnably entrenched across the northern half of the continent, if they should fail to duly honor and fitly commemorate the centenary of the year 1812. In that year the triumphant vindication of the integrity of British Canadianism was effected by the glorious achievements of the "hero of Upper Canada" and the little band of gallant and devoted patriots, at whose head, in the culminating effort of successful opposition to enormous odds, Major-General Sir Isaac Brock offered up his invaluable life upon the altar of his country.

It is unnecessary to recount the course of the struggle which eventuated in the repulse, along the whole long line of Canadian frontier, of an invading foe vastly superior in numbers, equipment and resources. Nor would it be appropriate that the central feature of a centennial celebration of the success of the struggle for Canadian independence should be devoted merely to exultation over the genius and military achievements of the gallant Brock and his intrepid and devoted following, though these were highly worthy of British traditions. The predominating characteristic of such a celebration should be a grateful recognition of the momentous results that ensued as the direct consequence of that struggle, and of the signal demonstration of the truth of the words of Sir Isaac Brock in his address as administrator to the House of Assembly of Upper Canada at Toronto, on July 27, 1812: *"A country defended by Free Men enthusiastically devoted to their King and Constitution, cannot be conquered."*

We are accustomed on our public anniversaries to apotheosize those statesmen of former days whom we are wont to term the "Fathers of Confederation," and to concede them honor as the creators of that Canadian nationality which we rejoice to see advancing with giant strides, toward the accomplishment of its high destiny, as the strong right arm of British power and progress. Yet those who are old enough to recall the events of the pre-Confederation era will remember that the compact of Confederation was merely the outgrowth of political exigencies, the great results of which were not foreseen by its authors. To-day we are enabled to contemplate with an assured confidence a great national future as an Anglo-Savon people, perpetuating British institutions. But the student of our history who reviews candidly the conditions presented in Canada in 1809, cannot fail to be convinced that we owe the fact that we have a self-governing prosperous country to the great deliverance accomplished in 1812, by a loyal people under the guidance of Sir Isaac Brock; and in chief measure to his courage and energy, his political wisdom, patriotic zeal and military genius.

That period was full of grave peril for the endurance of British power on this continent. The French in Lower Canada, not yet recovered from the humiliation of enforced allegiance, were led to aspirations of a return to French rule by the era of Napoleonic successes. There was not then, as now, among them any feeling of spontaneous loyalty to the Crown or the flag or Britain. After a careful examination of conditions in Lower Canada on his arrival, writing privately to his brother William, from Quebec, on December 31, 1809, General Brock thus summed up the situation in that province: "A small French force—four or five thousand men—with plenty of muskets, would most assuredly conquer this province. The French Canadians would join them almost to a man."

The western peninsula of Upper Canada was largely settled by men of doubtful loyalty, either lukewarm in their allegiance, or sympathizers, as in 1837, with the Americans. Against this discouraging situation, with the resources of the Mother Country engaged in fighting for the freedom of Europe; with a powerful and aggressive enemy openly preparing for the invasion, it was Brock's work, during the next three years to compel circumstances to the service of his country, and to effect such change in political conditions and public sentiment, as to be able, when the storm broke, to present a fairly united front against the enemy. How effectively this was performed we all know. The achievement was fittingly acknowledged by the Prince Regent, on behalf of the Crown, in Lord Bathurst's despatch of December 8, 1812, to Sir George Prevost, which says of the dead hero:

"His Majesty has lost in him not only an able and meritorious officer, but one who, in the exercise of his functions of Provisional Governor of the Province, displayed qualities admirably adapted to awe the disloyal, to reconcile the wavering, and to animate the great mass of the inhabitants against successive attempts of the enemy to invade the province, in the last of which he unhappily fell, too prodigal of that life of which his eminent services had taught us to understand the value."

It is beyond question that a failure in this crisis, of the Administrator in political tact; of the General in military capacity, or of the Upper Canada pioneers in steadfast loyalty, would have caused "The Meteor Flag of England" to have been forever removed from this continent. The Dominion of Canada, with its prosperous present and great prospects, would have been to-day represented by state, or possibly two, of the American Union, restricted in representation and feeble in influence, and governed by institutions which we can discern no reason to covet. By all means, then, let the people of Canada, and more especially of this province, make timely preparation to ensure a celebration of this centennial of Canadian independence, established in 1812, worthy of the debt of gratitude which we owe to the men and the events of that year. Let us render conspicuous honor to the gallant leader who gave up his life that this country might live; to the sturdy patriots who left homes and many of whom gave up their lives for the flag they loved; and not least let us unite in rendering honor to those noble women, the mothers of our race, who fended the fireside of Upper Canada during the storm and stress of war a hundred years ago.

The majority of these gallant men and women were sons and daughters of those United Empire Loyalists, who, in the war of the American Revolution, gave up their all and cheerfully faced the harsh vicissitudes of the Canadian wilderness, rather than abjure their allegiance to the Crown and Constitution of Britain. We have societies far too few throughout the province which seek to keep alive the memory and to cherish the example of the patriots of 1812. Let us hope that these societies may be multiplied to more adequately represent the interest for which they stand, and that the near approach of the centennial of 1812, may stir them to activity and inspire them to zeal in the exercise of their influence in securing a suitable centennial celebration of the great deliverance which their forefathers effected for this country in the hour of its gravest peril.

Let us also hope that the Press of Ontario, which with such cheerful unanimity approved of the provincial grant of $100,000 toward the Quebec ter-centennary, in honor of the establishment of British rule in Canada, may realize the duty of even greater public liberality toward a centennary celebration of events that preserved that rule from overthrow.

Less than three years remain in which to organize and arrange for so important and effective a demonstration, as would befit this occasion, on which our people may well be called upon to gratefully assemble to renew at the shrine of patriotism on Queenston Heights the enthusiasm of their loyalty to their flag and institutions. While Great Britain honored Brock by a public monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, his fame and memory are in an especial manner the pride and cherished inheritance of the people of this province. At Queenston Heights, upon the fatal field where he sealed his patriotism with his blood, a noble column bears this inscription:

Upper Canada
Has Dedicated this Monument
to the Memory of the Late
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K.B.,
Provisional Lieutenant-Governor, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in this Province,
Whose Remains are Deposited under the Vault beneath.
Opposing the Invading Enemy,
He fell in Action near these Heights
on the 13th October, 1812,
in the 43rd year of his age,
Revered and Lamented
by the People Whom he Governed,
and Deplored by the Sovereign
in whose Service His Life had been Devoted.

Here in this historic spot nature has provided an appropriate and stately stage for the setting of a demonstration of such dignity as the occasion of this centennial celebration should call from a patriotic people.

The Fruitless Spring.

DRIVING cloud and icy rain
And frozen buds on bough,
Trees that moan and toss in pain
And cry aloud for the spring in vain,
Though spring is with us now—

But a spring bereft of the engendering sun
Which kisses the earth to fire;
Great Nature's limbs lie cold and numb,
A mother whose bearing is o'er and done,
And through whose flesh no longer run
The quiverings of desire.

It is spring like the youth of those born old,
Sons of an outworn race,
And its days to me a warning hold
That my spring, too, is dull and cold,
And youth slips by apace,
While I idly brood with my tale untold
And dreams that are fruitless as miser's gold
That lies rotting in its place.

LESTER RYAN.

Discarding Old British Warships

ANOTHER clean sweep of obsolete warships has been decided upon by the British navy authorities. No fewer than ten are to be brought under the hammer during the next few months.

The vessels ordered to be sold, says a London press correspondent, are the first-class battleship Benbows of 10,600 tons, once famous for the huge 111-ton guns which she carried; the Howe, Collingwood and Rodney, of 10,300 tons; the second-class battleships Edinburgh, 9,420 tons, and Thunderer, 9,330 tons, and some old training ships of less importance.

The vessels mentioned date from 1882, 1884 and 1885, although the Thunderer was built as far back as 1872. They have long been familiar names in the British fleet and have done a good deal of service. They are hopelessly out of date now, their open gun decks being perhaps their weakest feature.

When this batch has been got rid of some of the ships in what is known as the Special Reserve will be sold, with the proviso that they must be broken up in the United Kingdom.

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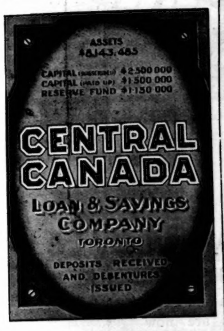

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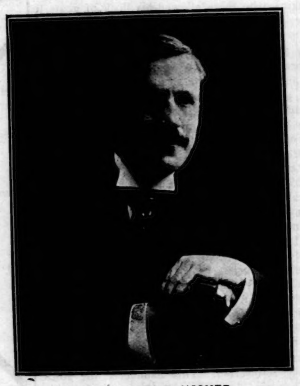
THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL, APRIL 8.

W. GRAHAM BROWNE is once more recognizable. Welcome again that peaceful smile which care, awhile, had banished. Really, one almost felt sorry for him, although what else could anyone who ventures into the Canadian banking business, with its intricacies, expect? It sounds like treason, of course, to speak that way of the Canadian banking system, but every now and again a man feels weak and truthful. I used to think it was the finest system in the world, myself, for didn't D. M. Stewart—the late, lamented general manager of the Sovereign Bank—tell me so, many and many a time, and didn't I believe him? Oh, Duncan, Dunc.—how could you.

But that was nothing to what happened W. Graham Browne. A few years ago, while local manager of the Sovereign Bank, upon him was conferred the privilege—inestimable, it turns out—of signing Government bank statements during a two or three months' absence of the said general manager. All he had to do was to attach his signature to the assertion that the figures in the statement, to the best of his knowledge and belief, represented the true condition of the bank—or words to that effect. That looked easy. If words have any meaning, surely any empowered individual, believing the figures to be correct, might attach his signature and proceed upon his way rejoicing. At any rate, that would be the way in the case of any non-lawyered document passed between ordinary, plain business men.



MR. CHARLES R. HOSMER
Mr. Hosmer is president of the Ogilvie Milling Company, a director of the C. P. R., and is interested in many other large corporations. He is now the leading figure in the $12,000,000 brewery amalgamation.

⁂

The Banking Act.—Stowed away, apparently, in some of the various sections of the messed-up Banking Act, is a paragraph which makes a man sign more than the paper he puts his name to would seem to call for. That is, it would seem that way to some lawyers, although other lawyers would be most indignant at such an interpretation and would advise fighting the matter out in the courts. If everything were made plain, lawyers would have a hard time of it; in self-defence, therefore, let us mix it up. So, while the lawyers learnedly discuss the most probable of the many interpretations which might be placed upon the blunder of some previous lawyer, W. Graham Browne simmers on the gridiron and wonders how many years he gets if the worst of all interpretations should get the most votes. But those clothes with the stripes running the other way—oh, if they'd only make them run up and down.

⁂

Judge Leet's Decision.

Judge Leet didn't keep him guessing very long as to how he looked at the matter, fortunately. In his opinion the evidence of the witness for the Crown cleared the accused. The witness, who was the ex-accountant of the Sovereign Bank, declared that in his opinion Mr. Browne knew nothing of the falsification of the statement. Only three people were in the secret, the ex-general manager, the ex-inspector and the ex-accountant himself. The statement had been prepared that way before—nothing new about that, apparently. All that the accused had to do with the matter was to sign it, as deputed by the general manager previous to his departure. After this declaration, the Judge didn't even consider it necessary to hear the defence of accused, his accusers having demonstrated his innocence. But then the Crown trotted out that other paragraph, by which signer was held to have signed what he didn't sign, that is, that he was held to sign with full knowledge when he had only signed to the best of his knowledge. Well, well—that might have been a strong point for the Crown. The Judge rubbed his brow and deliberated, duly, over the mysteries. Then he brightened up. Take it away, says he, waving his hand. No case.

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Again in the Toils.

Accused took a full breath—to get rid of that rich, thick, court house atmosphere—threw out his chest and walked free once more—till next morning. Then it was announced that the Grand Jury had called for the case—that may not be the legal phrase, but it'll do. After the *enquet* had resulted so decisively in favor of the accused, prosecution looked to the lay mind like persecution, particularly as not the admittedly guilty were on trial, but he whom they declared to be innocent. Then, too, a man who is trying to build up a financial business has enough opposition to overcome without having the Crown worrying the life out of him, even if only to make a test case wherewith to bring about the revision of a badly lawyered Banking Act. So, accused, while the sword hung over his head, narrowed in his chest, exhaled and tried to make himself invisible—at least in that connection. So, for a period, *W. Graham Browne* went down to his office and transacted his business; then, hey, presto, and *W. G. Browne* issued from the office of his other self and went down to the courts to worry through his other troubles. On the whole, it wasn't so slow.

⁂

Free at Last.

Last week the sun came out again. Counsel for Mr. Browne argued the case before King's Bench. Justice Lavergne gave heed to both sides of the question, and then quashed the indictment and ordered accused be freed of the charge. Therefore, it comes to this—that Bank Act needs to be revised, all right. And while they are revising it, they may as well either make that double liability clause effective in operation or strike it out altogether. A question of inspection, also, needs attention—but more of that later. Meantime, the moral of the above might be: Don't get familiar with the Sovereign if you don't want the Crown brought down upon your head.

MONTREAL

TORONTO, APRIL 8.

THE minimum rate of discount by Canadian banks is 5½ per cent., and only a small proportion of our manufacturers and business men get accommodation at this rate—they usually pay 6 to 6½ per cent., which is only fractionally less than during the panicky period of eighteen months ago. And yet there is a great plethora of money at present, so bankers say, as against practically none during the depression a year and a half ago. Call money, on the other hand, is much lower than it was, the rate being around 4 per cent. on choice securities as compared with 7 to 7½ per cent. in the fall of 1907. But our business men and manufacturers now have to pay within one-half of 1 per cent. of what they did during the money stringency. As a business man put it last week: "We fail to see any change in the money market, rates are excessively high, and the wide difference between here and in New York (where they are 4 per cent.) means that the manufacturer across the line can afford to sell his goods cheaper than we can. Comparatively low rates for money is synonymous to a lower tariff on imports. Discount rates in London are under 2 per cent., in New York from 3 1-2 to 4 per cent., and in Toronto 5 1-2 to 6 per cent. Perhaps this money question accounts for the present clamor for reduced tariffs in the United States and a higher tariff in Canada." There may be something in this after all. The rates in New York are not as stable as those in London, and certainly not as fixed as those in Canada. During the panic discount rates in New York ran up to 12 or 13 per cent., while rates here were 6 1-2 to 7, but they declined about as rapidly as they had advanced in the United States metropolis, and in late months they have been the lowest on record.

However, they do not come down here, for some reason or another. Some say it is owing to the Banking Trust. Perhaps so. For instance, call loans on securities have come down because there is more competition with New York banks and trust companies. With call money in New York say at 3 per cent., and here at 5 per cent, many holders of stocks would transfer their securities to Wall Street owing to the better rate. But this could hardly be done with commercial paper except when bearing names of men of international renown, and it is only done to a very limited extent. The general situation in Canada is much better than in years gone by, and the risks are much less hazardous, but it is apparent that the commercial community do not participate in the sounder financial condition of the country. The lack of a Dominion solvency law may account partly for this unsatisfactory condition. Many enterprising people who have been unfortunate through no fault of their own, are prevented from going into business and are even driven out of the country because they are unable to get a discharge from obligations that were unavoidable. It too often happens that honest men are debarred from engaging in business, whereas under such an equitable and just Insolvency Act, covering the whole Dominion, they could become active members of the business community.

⁂

Cheaper Money.

In the leading money centres the rates of interest have receded within the past week. The Bank of England minimum discount rate was reduced from 3 to 2½ per cent., and the open market rate for three months' bills is down to 1 9-16, while call loans in London have fallen as low as 1 per cent. The open market discount rate in Paris is off to 1½ per cent., but the Bank of France still maintains its 3 per cent. The Bank of Germany holds at 3½, but the open market rate in Berlin is 2⅝ per cent. Six months' money in New York can be had at 2⅝ to 3 per cent., and call loans at 1⅝ to 1¾ per cent. in spite of the large shipments of gold to Britain and the Argentine during the month of March. The United States have now practically returned all the $110,000,000 of gold brought there from Europe after the panic. These unusually low rates in the leading markets is the best evidence that could be given of the trade depression which is so world-wide. However, there are indications of improvement in general business both in Canada and the United States. The importing trade has augmented, and while this may account partly for the efflux of gold, it is an indication of growing confidence. The Canadian railways now show large increases in traffic receipts, and the clearings of banks in both Toronto and Montreal for the month of March were greatly in excess of the clearings during any previous March.

⁂

Stocks.

The Toronto stock market has been characterized by a stronger tone, which has been accompanied by a feeling of growing confidence as to the future of our securities. It is seldom that such cheapness of money is seen along with increasing traffic returns of railways and favorable reports of most of our industrial concerns. There is a widespread feeling that trade and commerce will shortly expand, and that the present year will prove to be an exceptionally good one. Of course, a great deal will depend upon the crops, of which it would be only a guess and useless to say anything about so early in the season. It may be said, however, that the fall wheat in Ontario has wintered better than many had expected, and it is almost a certainty that the area put into crop in the western provinces will be greater than in any previous year. In Ontario also the area of spring crops will be increased, the inducement being the unusually high prices of all cereals.

As stated before, there is a feeling that stocks will

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advance, and the expected good times are likely to be discounted. One of the strongest features the past week was Canadian Pacific. It has been bought freely in London, Berlin, and New York, and a sympathetic rise has taken place here. The stock is scarce, with foreigns good buyers since the collapse of the Balkin trouble. The earnings of this company have been remarkably good of late. Net earnings for February show an increase of $405,048, and the gross earnings for March increased $1,017,000, as compared with March of last year. For the nine months of the company's fiscal year the gross earnings are $56,678,000, an increase of $1,862,000, as compared with the corresponding period of last year. Toronto Rails made a new high price for the year, 124. For the first quarter of 1909, gross earnings were $860,568, an increase of $58,000 over the same three months of last year. The Latin-American issues have been dull, with Mexican Power easier, owing presumably to the reduction of one-half per cent. in its second quarterly dividend. Sao Paulo has been steady. The announcement that the annual meeting will not be held until June, although usually in April, has encouraged the view that some reorganization of the company's finances is contemplated.

* * *

Wheat Prices.

New high records for wheat for some years have been made this week, and a strong bullish sentiment prevails. March was an unusually good month in the grain trade both at home and abroad. While visible supplies in Canada and the United States are larger than a year ago, it is the reserve, but to a greater degree in Europe. Ontario wheat has sold at $1.12 to $1.13 at outside points, and Manitoba grades at $1.28 to $1.30, Nort Bay, all rail.

The Story of the Silver Squirt Mine.

By NORMAN HARRIS.

FOR SALE: SILVER SQUIRT MINE SHARES—Prospectus thrown in with purchase, shows traces of metal in the ore. Resembles silver and may be silver. Mine might ship some day. Meanwhile, these shares look like ready money, and would paper a room nicely.

I AM not behind Nipissing. Reports that I have a controlling interest, and that I plan in the near future to merge Nipissing with Silver Squirt, are erroneous and misleading, and tend only to depress the market. Such rumors do Nipissing no good, fail to help Silver Squirt, and when cabled abroad convulse the marts of Europe and start stories that Consuls have discharged two hundred men and may assign.

I did, I will admit, intend to acquire a block of Nipissing, at 28 or lower, but I found in visiting my bank that the directors had just sent $1,000,000 in gold to New York, and that money with them was stringent I did not insist on having gold, as I explained to them. But the manager got a trial-balance expression on his face, and that was all there was to it. I do not wish to change my bankers; they have given pretty good satisfaction up to date. But it does seem somehow to show lack of consideration, the way they treat one. Whenever I enter my bank, and tell one of the short-term fellows behind the bars that I want money, he always gives me a *blase* glance, and slaps open a ponderous work of fiction, as if he never expected to find my name therein.

On this occasion, when I was refused money, I demanded my cheques for the year, and rapid calculation with a pad and pencil convinced me the bank was right in its attitude. I had overdrawn 82 cents. The three cancelled cheques proved it.

The first cheque was for $2.05, re Settlement of Voltaire 16 instalments. That was cheque No. 1.

Always number your cheques, to avoid confusion and forgeries. I go on the theory that any neurasthenic bank clerk whose "physical" would show bad reflexes in knee action, might any day mix up my vouchers with Dan Mann's and I don't hanker to get my paper mingled with C.N.R. guarantees and be dragged by the stub into politics.

Cheque No. 2, good during the lifetime of the testator for $4.67 net, was a charitable contribution. The $4.67 went to the gas company for gas presumably supplied.

Cheque No. 3, for $6.80 countersigned by the bailiff, was a final dividend payable to my former tailor on an overcoat I had purchased, or procured from him in 1901, when it was cold.

The last cheque I had carelessly forgotten; hence the overdraft.

My large interest in Silver Squirt led, I presume, to the merger rumor. This is not a controlling interest. To fellow-shareholders I can state fearlessly that if I controlled Silver Squirt, that mine would either get a hump on it and pay dividends, or I would, after notice of motion place a chunk of dynamite at point A, where the pyrite formation oozes into paragraph 3 of the prospectus, and touch a lighted match to it. Then, I believe, Silver Squirt would have a quick rise. Then, what silver there is in Silver Squirt, would come to the surface, and we would get the real inside history of this mine without wrenching it from the promoters at the point of a pistol. Some argue that such violence would be reprehensible; they say to give the mine a chance. I think this mine has had a chance. I believe that there are barnacles on the under crust of Silver Squirt, or that the timbers in shaft No. 2, anent the mule gallery, have fallen and crushed the silver ore beyond recognition.

I may state that while no one, to my knowledge has ever been really down far in Silver Squirt; that if an assayer were to descend with his rule and his acid, that he would find the books in terrible confusion, and not a clock in the place keeping time. While Silver Squirt may be a good mine, I have contended for years with the directors that they should vary their policy and make the mine yield something. But they replied, after consideration, that such a course, adopted hastily, would menace the whole fabric of Cobalt, and cut in terribly on the display mining ads.

Silver squirt first attained fame through its promoters in 1903, when government statistics show that only five-eighths of the population tore open their newspapers daily at the mining stock column—since grown to pages. Originally Silver Squirt was a field, owned in fee simple by Sam Jenkins, who there allowed his flock of goats to feed. Since 1870, when Sam got the property in exchange for a week's provisions, it passed as a field, and it had every appearance of it. But late in 1903 a New York curb broker stopped there for a moment to oil his carbureter, and a tiny stream of brackish liquid broke through the ground and splashed his mud guard. This man broke off a piece of this stream and the cashier of the Hustling Moon restaurant assayed it while the broker ate. Traces of unminted silver were found by the cashier. Silver squirt was discovered.

In 1903 seven-eighths Silver Squirt was in everyone's pocket at $2.90 a share in New York or Toronto, or 25 cents cash in Cobalt. Twenty-five cents CASH then in Cobalt was a lot of money. The stock was headed for $3 before the snow flew. I managed to secure 100 shares at $1.85¾. I wear a 5¾ hat out of doors, and it looked good to me.

When the Jargonheims heard I had taken a block of Silver Squirt, she went to $1.89. A stiff Japanese loan reported in a Cobalt newspaper, copied from a week-old Toronto daily, made Silver Squirt ebb, or recede, to $1.84. Then someone discovered that the surveyor's stakes used to locate the mine had been rooted up by a flock of cows, and many feared the holes would never be traced and the stakes properly re-inserted. This hammered the stock. Then a fire occurred in the carboniferous region, and singed a lot of ore that had to be then sold for scrap. There was no insurance. Down she went again.

* * *

Silver Squirt, in a bull market, wasted several weeks in a series of dizzy falls ending in 14 cents asked, with no sane bids. Then a rumor that the scrip printing had been paid for sent the shares kiting to 17. A denial plunged it to 7, and it is now worth 7. That is to say, it is now quoted at 7. There was one period of time when the glad news somehow got to shareholders, that Silver Squirt was going to ship. The stock leaped and aviated to 29, and out of the 10,000 shares held, 9,900 were quickly disposed of at this price. Fresh information showed that a typographical error was to blame. It was Silver Quart, not Squirt, that was to ship.

After that many rumors circulated about the mine, but it seemed difficult to start the stock up. Seemed hard to revive it. Mine experts that looked the stock over said it appeared atrophied to them. Its eyes were dull and glassy. They feared the shock of that one sudden rise had killed it.

After a careful massaging with a diamond drill, it was apparent that formaldehyde was the only requisite. I was out of town when the stock soared that time, and I still have my snares. I will sell them, for consideration. It is good stock; no better. As an investment, not a loan, I would recommend my Silver Squirt. The paper is cream super, extra tough, and the makers guarantee it can stand thirty years in a safe without fading. The name is in gold lacquer, and the dollar marks could move in any society. This stock, therefore, is well calculated to stand the strain of years should any one care to hold on to it till the mine ships. No sane offer refused. Notes rejected. Certified money preferred.

"Un Petit Coup," by the late Henri Julien. This is a water color, and shows the old Habitant at one of his favorite pastimes.

Clayton M. Jones, writing on "Power: the Wizard of Settlement," in The Canadian Magazine for April, says: The development of the Last West would be greatly retarded, as was the settlement of the American West, if, with all the modern uses of Power, the country did not have the means to produce it. Because, after all is said, it is the application of steam and electricity to the machinery of production and transportation and public utilities that has made possible the transportation and sale of 100,000,000 bushels of wheat grown in one year from the occupation of 5,000,000 acres of land in a new country. The former ignorance of men as to how to use the forces of nature and turn them into Power for their own use contributed as much to the delay in the opening up of the Last West as the misleading reports regarding the uninhabitableness and barrenness of the country sent out by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Hall Caine, in his recollections, says that Rossetti was fond of good stories and was particularly amused by one of a man near to death, to whom the clergyman came and said, "Dear friend, do you know who died to save you?" "Oh, meenister, meenister." said the dying man, "is this a time for conundrums?"—Argonaut.

"He is nearly crazy because his son wants to marry an actress." "Is he so prejudiced against actresses?" "Quite the contrary." "Then what is his kick?" "He wants to marry her himself."—Houston Post.

Many a young man starting out to conquer the world considers himself an Alexander, when he is in reality but a smart Alec.—Puck.

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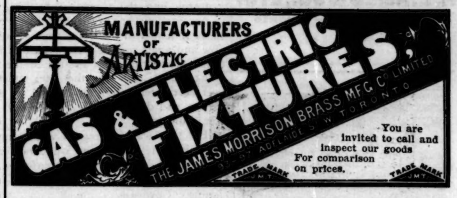

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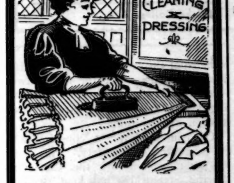

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, April 6, 1909.

NEW YORK'S longest bridge, it's only cantilever, and one of the four great cantilever structures of the world, was unofficially opened for traffic this week. A thing of beauty this third and latest link between Manhattan and Long Island, to be known as Queensboro Bridge, is not. It crosses East River in three ugly spans—strides would be better—the first linking the city to Blackwell's Island, the second straddling the Island itself, and the third and longest arching the main channel. The river span is 143 feet above mean high water, and the highest point of the bridge 365 feet above. The largest ships will thus pass under without difficulty. What the new bridge lacks in beauty, however, it makes up in utility. Its capacity will be much greater than the comparatively new Williamsburgh bridge, which in its turn doubled the capacity of that famous asthetic model, Brooklyn bridge. The last bridge is a double-decker, with two elevated tracks on the upper deck, to which the other tracks may be added at any time, and two foot walks each thirteen feet wide. The lower deck or floor has a roadway for street and vehicular traffic fifty-three feet wide and four tracks for surface cars. The estimated carrying capacity of the car lines alone is 150,000,000.

Queensboro, although considerably smaller, is of the same type as the Quebec Bridge, and on this account more or less apprehension for its safety followed the collapse of that famous structure. A commission of bridge experts went over the entire plans, and their assuring report together with the consensus of expert opinion that the collapse of the other was due to a mistake in calculation, finally set the public mind at rest. The official opening is set down for June 12, when "one of the most glittering pageants ever held in New York" is promised.

* * *

SINCE my prognostications of last week, the London Ambassadorship to Dr. Eliot has been offered and declined. The prospective appointment of this scholar, seasoned thinker, and best representative of American culture to this important Embassy, came as near to pleasing everybody on both sides of the Atlantic as one could wish. The disappointment over the refusal is therefore keen and sincere, following as it did, Senator Root's eulogistic references at the Harvard Alumni dinner, and President Taft's endorsation of the Senator's words.

Dr. Eliot declines the honor, it is publicly stated, on the grounds of advancing years and the desire for rest and leisure. The real ground, which for obvious reasons is not made public, is the niggardly allowance which this republic, prodigal in so many other ways, makes its foreign Embassies. Dr. Eliot's tastes are entirely simple and democratic, but even the modest establishment he would care to maintain, could not be kept up on a salary of $17,500. Even with a suitable Embassy building, fully equipped and provided with all necessary servants and carriages, the sum would be entirely inadquate. With both house and servants to find the allowance is beggarly.

Obviously, Congress cannot be asked to increase the appropriation. Democratic institutions offer a precarious foot-hold at best and even granting their own willingness, the political existence of most of the members could not long withstand the demagogic passions such a proposal would arouse. To cut any sort of figure in the diplomatic world Washington must therefore, continue to seek in its representatives, a happy combination of culture and purse.

* * *

MARATHON racing has apparently lost none of its popularity, if one may judge from the thousands who braved the elements last Saturday to witness what was generally regarded as the final battle for the Marathon championship. Perhaps the race took on new interest from the fact that it was to be in the open, on a fresh green paddock, instead of in the stuffy, smoke-laden atmosphere of Madison Square Garden. Under other circumstances such a change would be highly desirable. A deluge of rain in the morning, however, had left the air damp, chill and inhospitable. Two of the contestants, Shrubb and Dorando were even obliged to don sweaters before the race was over.

You have, of course, read of the wonderful performance of Henri St. Yves, who, entering the lists unknown, practically despised in the betting, established new records in Marathons and proclaimed himself the greatest Marathoner of the day. The wonderful part of it all is that the stocky little Frenchman is good betting for any distance up to the full twenty-six miles, and for all we know considerably beyond that point. He was as fast and strong at the end of the race as at the end of fifteen miles, when he began to establish new records for every mile of the journey. Shrubb was able to dispute the leadership up to eighteen miles and the only real racing of the day was between these two up to that point. Shrubb again demonstrated, however, that this is the measure of his racing distance. A fifteen mile race will no doubt be arranged at once between the fleet Englishman and the Frenchman and will no doubt prove the great sporting event of the season. And the betting will be even. Such is the public estimate of St. Yves's ability. At the Marathon distance he is unquestionably supreme. Longboat, Dorando and Hayes, at their best were never in the Frenchman's class by several minutes. This may prove some consolation to the many Canadians who were disgusted with the Indian's poor showing on Saturday. I made the remark at the time of the Shrubb-Longboat race, (which by the way was not a race) that a real Marathoner would have beaten the Indian in his then condition. Only the constant urgings of his trainer and the prospect of his rival dropping out kept him on the track at that time. Something has been radically wrong with his training, ever since he defeated Dorando. Next to the Frenchman's, Dorando's performance was the sensation of the day. He was, in fact, the Frenchman's only rival in the last few miles of the race. He had evidently been trained with great care, ran free and strong throughout and closed with a brilliant sprint. It was by far the best race he has run here and I think his performance on this occasion proves him the superior of Longboat at his best.

St. Yves seemed the least beautiful of all the runners. His step is short and quick and his feet seem never to leave the ground. A mouse is the only thing I can liken his locomotion to. It is a patter rather than a run but the speed is there and an endurance that has not yet been tested.

J. E. W.

Dr. Grenfell Writes of His Work.

DR. WILFRED GRENFELL, the heroic medical missionary of the Labrador coast, is a man in whom Canadians grow more and more interested as his unique work proceeds. For a good many years now he has performed his lonely sea-and-shore labor as Superintendent in Newfoundland and Labrador of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, but so remarkable is his enthusiasm for it that his labor is a pleasure. Indeed, he told the Canadian Club of Toronto a year or so ago that he would never care to give it up. Writing in the current issue of The Standard of Empire about the land of cod and caribou, Dr. Grenfell says that the fishermen there have had a very poor season. Here is an extract from his article, which shows the difficulties of navigation on the Labrador coast:

"The boisterous gales of the late fall and the early onset of the winter have made things go unusually hard even with some of our own workers. The schooner Lorna Doone, leaving with supplies for two of our Labrador stations, at Battle Hospital and the new nursing station at Forteau, ran into a heavy easterly gale off Cape Sable. The seas off the mouth of the Gulf of Fundy are proverbially bad, the phenomenal tide of anything up to sixty feet causing nasty overfalls that are very dangerous to small vessels. While the little craft was runing nicely under a three-reefed foresail a steeper mountain of water than usual fell right over her, and washed the captain, my colleague of many years, over the lee rail. It is no child's play heaving a vessel to with a freeboard of only three feet, but the mate, from whose side the skipper was washed, did so intuitively, receiving the full force of the following sea for his pains, which swept the schooner fore and aft. But beyond hearing one wild cry for a life belt nothing more was known of our good friend's fate, and the staff of the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen paid its twenty-fifth tribute of life to the insatiable waters. The mate, a youngster, who had never before been called on to command, safely worked the craft into Sydney Harbor in Cape Breton. Another of our captains was sent over to take charge, and the voyage was continued into the face of the fast closing north. Alas, the delay of only a fortnight was all too long, and the schooner was last reported frozen into a harbor close to Cape Bauld at the extreme north end of Newfoundland, unable to reach her destination this winter owing to ice."

What made this occurrence the more unfortunate was the fact that the vessels carried household supplies for the new nurses' home in that section. Some time ago two nurses from Johns Hopkins Hospital offered to do a summer's work there, and the people petitioned to have the work continued permanently. This was done, and the rigors of this philanthropic undertaking are graphically pictured in this further paragraph from Dr. Grenfell's article:

"The offer of a week's work a year from each family as a contribution toward upkeep in lieu of money (for like Peter and John of old, they had none), was accepted because it came in the above section. We provided material, and the people the work. The result is a nice little house, but alas empty. The last communication from the nurse was that she had abandoned hope of the supplies, though they had no news of the vessel, and that she also abandoned a bed on the floor for a wooden trunk built up in her bedroom. Cooking utensils were her most important need, for the lard cans which she was substituting for saucepans showed no promise of permanency. Luxuries she could not expect, but she was glad to report sufficient essentials to avoid danger of starvation. These were contributions from her neighbors, on whom I fear they will be no little tax, even if they afford them the joy of service, for living with the nurse for training purposes are two girls and a boy—all more or less crippled. The boy, an Eskimo, has lost nearly all his ribs on one side consequent on neglected empyema, and one girl, a half-breed, has lost both legs below the knees, the result of gangrene from frost-bite when a child, and then an amputation with her father's axe. Yet the nurse writes cheerily of her little family, as well as of her larger one, and looks forward with much pleasure to the experience of the next seven months. Until we can revisit her, we can only wish her 'A Happy New Year.'"

Dr. Grenfell says that the experiment of importing reindeer to Labrador has worked well. To sum up their usefulness, in his own words: "The milk is rich and the meat both fat and tender in the fall."

Will Aeroplanes Abolish the Custom House?

WILL the development of aeroplaning end in the abolition of the Custom House? That is the point raised by Major F. B. Baden-Powell in the current number of The National Review.

The writer thinks that in about four years we may reasonably expect to be able to say that flying is common. Most well-to-do people will then have made a trip through the air and many will own machines and make daily runs. Then, of course, smuggling will become the easiest thing in the world, for even supposing, the author says, that it were not practicable to convey large cargoes of goods—and there is no good reason why this should not be done some day—still it would undoubtedly be possible to carry parcels of 100 pounds or so.

Airships could be employed continually going to and fro over the frontier, and so transporting large quantities of dutiable goods. Frontier guards would be almost useless, even if they were posted at every few hundred yards along the entire frontier, which in itself would be an impracticable proposition in most European countries.

Altogether it would seem impossible to enforce any law as to machines being compelled to descend at a frontier, and this according to the writer implies that customs in the main will have to be abolished. Tariffs, he considers, will have to be framed with due regard to imports like wheat and lumber, which are not likely at first to be affected by aerial transport, and a tax on such commodities would seem to be the solution to the difficulty of being unable to continue the duties on lighter articles.

The heaviest import duty now in force in the United Kingdom is that on saccharine—14 cents an ounce. Next come cigars, which pay $1.45 a pound to the customs. Other dutiable articles which could be conveyed more or less easily by aeroplanes are wines and spirits, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, tobacco, dried and canned fruits, jam, marmalade, condensed milk, chloroform, collodion, ether, blacking and playing cards.

Commodities such as coal would naturally present serious difficulties to the aerial smuggler, although aeroplanes may be developed to such an extent that in future the ocean greyhounds will have counterparts in aerial leviathans able to carry weights now undreamed of.

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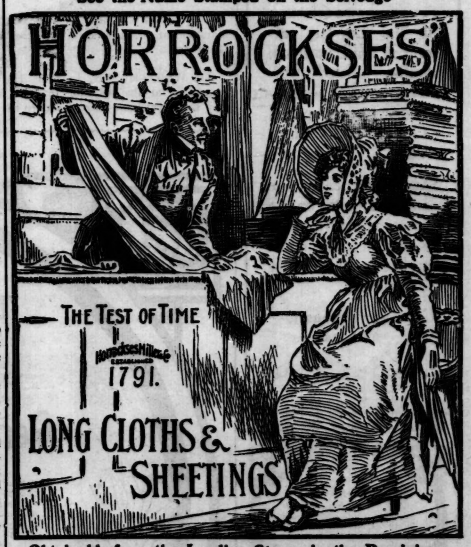

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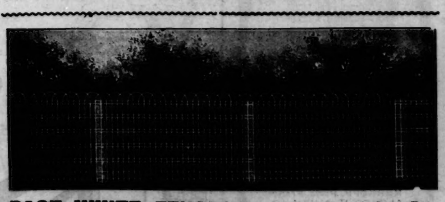
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. CARLETON MONK and Mr. Gordon Mortimer are two of the Kingston R.M.C. Cadets in town for Easter, and will remain until Monday night. They are visiting Mr. Monk's parents in Markham street. Mrs. Monk has asked some young people to tea to meet them.

Miss Carrie Monk is home on a visit from St. Paul, and will leave shortly for Alert Bay, British Columbia, where she will be head nurse in the Church Hospital doing a valuable work akin to that of Dr. Grenfell on the Atlantic. Alert Bay is two hundred miles north of Vancouver.

Sad beyond measure was the news of the untimely death of Mr. B. Morton Jones, which was received in Toronto on Tuesday. Mrs. Jones, who was down on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, was telegraphed for last week and left for Lethbridge last Thursday, fortunately arriving in time to be with her young husband

MRS. INNES-TAYLOR.

for a short period before his death. Their short married life (since last September) was very happy and the deepest sympathy is with the young widow who is beloved by all who know her.

Mr. Cameron Wilson is spending the Easter vacation with his people in Brantford.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Boultbee and Mr. Hodge takes place on May 26, in St. Thomas church, from the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Monk, Markham st.

Mr. and Mrs. Folger, of Crescent road, have returned from a three months' sojourn in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick McGaw and their niece, Miss Marshall, of Chicago, spent the week at the Clifton, Niagara Falls.

On Wednesday Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison asked a few friends in at the tea-hour to hear Miss Grace Smith play and a veritable treat it was to the little coterie. The young artiste is petite, much like Miss Heloise Keating, but her playing is grand. Such warmth of tone, finish of execution and distinction of style is unhappily too rarely combined. Beside being a pianiste of exceptional grace and finish, Miss Grace Smith is a very pretty girl, dainty, enthusiastic, and powerful her left hand being a wonder of skill and strength. She is the daughter of an English clergyman, and has studied in London under well-known masters. But she is an artist-born, not made, and I hope she will return to Toronto for a much longer stay.

Miss Suzanne Mara and Miss Mary Perry are going abroad this summer. Miss Mara will go afterwards to visit her sister, Mrs. Wichmeyer, in Germany.

Rev. Charles W. Gordon, (Ralph Connor), of Winnipeg, who has been ill at Dr. Gordon, his brother's home in Bloor street, was at mid-week reported better.

Mrs. Crawford, wife of the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, gave a luncheon of thirty covers on Tuesday to the members' wives now in town. The long table was done in pink and white with roses, azaleas and lily of the valley.

Miss Gladys Edwards has gone to Montreal. Senator and Mrs. Kerr are at Rathnelly for Easter. Mrs. Warren Darling is at Atlantic City. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Northrup were in town this week. Miss Helen Durie is home for Easter vacation. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garratt. Mr. and Mrs. Hedley Bond are in Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Smith are at Atlantic City.

Sir Andrew and Lady Fraser left town on Monday for New York. Mrs. Rowell, of Rosedale, entertained in honor of Lady Fraser, who was also guest of honor at a tea at the Ladies' Club on Saturday.

At Birmingham, Alabama, on Wednesday, March 31, the marriage of Mr. Harvey Skey and Miss Nancy Johnstone, daughter of General Johnstone, was celebrated, Rev. Lawrence Skey, of St. Anne's church, Toronto, officiating. Miss Jean Johnstone, sister of the bride was maid of honor, and Mr. E. W. Skey was his brother's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Skey will reside in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray are the guests of His Honor and Mrs. Gibson for Easter.

Mr. Wheeldon gave a Good Friday recital at 4 p.m. with the following programme: Funeral march and hymn of Seraph's, Guilmaut, Andantino No. 2, Lemaire, Sonata, Rheinberger melody in F. Rubinstein, Fantasia on Sicilian, Mariner's hymn, Lux and Lullaby, J. Vogt, and for the last selection of the season two Handel pieces.

Next week begins and ends with wedding bells. On Monday Miss Benson and Mr. Meighen will be married at St. Catharines. On Wednesday Miss Marjorie Arnoldi and Mr. Douglas Warren will be wedded in St. George's church. The smart world of London-the-less is also burning incense to Hymen and a number of Torontonians are going up for the great event.

Mrs. John Plummer, of Barrie, and Mrs. Eustace Bird have gone to New York for Easter.

Many sympathetic thoughts are with Mrs. Bird (Violet Gooderham), in the loss of a beautiful child of a year old, last week.

Miss Jessie Moberly is coming to Toronto next Tuesday to visit Mrs. Frank Plummer.

Mrs. Perks and Miss Tobin, of Fergus, are at the King Edward for a few days' shopping.

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Each year sees greater numbers of the wealthy American class going to Europe by the way of Canada. This feature of their travelling was not very pronounced up till about three years ago, or in fact until the advent upon the St. Lawrence River of the C.P.R. "Empresses." It is now not an uncommon thing to meet dozens of New York and Boston people who have gone to Montreal and thence to Quebec, spending a day or two at the luxurious Chateau Frontenac in the latter city, prior to their embarkation at that point for Europe. What does it mean? It surely indicates that the high class ocean service formerly obtainable only from New York is now provided from Canada, and that the discomforts that in gone by times used to attend the crossing of the Atlantic have now been turned into a most comfortable, enjoyable and luxurious experience. Then again, another very attractive feature of the Canadian service is the two day trip on the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, which shortens the actual ocean voyage to less than four days. Of the St. Lawrence River it is impossible to write adequately in limited space. Every foot along the banks of this great Canadian national waterway is of historic interest. Passing down the river to the sea and gazing at the peaceful homesteads with their ribbon-like farms and at the many quaint and ancient villages which dot the banks, one finds it difficult to realize that for nearly two centuries Indian hordes and contesting armies fought here for the possession of a continent.

Of course the first consideration in ocean travel is safety. This fact the management of the Canadian Pacific Steamships has kept steadily in view, and accordingly most of the Commanders and chief officers of their fleet are Royal Navy Reserve men. Another feature bringing safety and convenience to an ocean traveller by the C.P.R. ships is the modern Marconi Wireless telegraphy. The accompanying photograph is of the Marconi operating room on the Steamer "Empress of Ireland," and which of course is duplicated on the "Empress of Britain," as well as on all the other steamships in the Canadian Pacific service.

Very flattering remarks may be heard on board the "Empresses" regarding the excellence of cuisine and of the service from a culinary standpoint. The writer heard a gentleman who had crossed the ocean fifty times say that the table was the very best and that it was as good on the day before landing as it was on the day of sailing—everything just as good and even the flowers on the table just as fresh. No wonder, then, that the St. Lawrence Route is becoming popular.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

G. K. CHESTERTON, master of paradox, and unique figure among English writers, in his successively radical, pagan, agnostic and Socialist, has turned to conservatism and orthodoxy. Perhaps steadily increasing success, as well as the maturing of his visible wit, has helped to mellow him. As yet, however, English conservatism is as much confused to find him a champion as it was to have him an enemy.

Mr. Chesterton's personality and aims have puzzled most readers who have read either little or much of his immense literary output of the past ten years. There has been recently published, however, an anonymous volume concerning his life and career that clears up a good many points concerning him. Some reviewers have even slyly suggested that Mr. Chesterton must have written the book himself, so extremely well acquainted is the author with his subject. Others point out that a glance at the style throws doubt on this insinuation; it is much too straightforward to be Chesterton's.

G. K. CHESTERTON
The brilliant English author and critic, who was once a revolutionist, but who is now turned conservative.

Of late Chesterton has been strongly combatting the suggestion that Dickens was a Socialist. In debating this question with the great novelist's latest biographer, Edwin Pugh, Chesterton says:

"Socialism (I could repeat it as schoolboy much better than my Greek iambics) is the assumption by the State of all the means of production, distribution, and exchange. The State might be a despotic State; it might be an aristocratic State; it might be a papal State. But if it owned and distributed all essential capital it would be a Socialistic State. I am quite well acquainted with all the sound arguments which connect such a State with unity or efficiency or progress; but I can not see what connects it with Dickens. Socialism would certainly stop the present anarchy; but Dickens did not especially object to anarchy. Dickens objected to tyranny; and a good half of the tyrants he denounced were Socialist tyrants; that is, State and municipal tyrants. I pointed out that *Bumble* and *Mr. Tite Barnacle* were officers of State appointment, paid and controlled by the Commonwealth, and were therefore in the ultimate sense Socialists. To this Mr. Pugh replies 'they were nothing of the kind; they were flunkies.' Quite so; but why is it unsocialistic to be a flunky—so long as you are a State flunky?"

Chesterton is still a young man, nearer thirty than forty.

* * *

The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, is about to publish John Galsworthy's latest novel, "Fraternity." In his previous works, "The Man of Property" and "The Country House," this author produced fiction of note, and the forthcoming novel may be looked for with pleasurable anticipation.

* * *

Hamlin Garland announces that he will probably not write any more novels, but will devote his energies hereafter to play-writing. This is not surprising. The play's the thing—to bring in the cash—and the tendency of late among writers, even of the highest ability, has been, if not to entirely abandon purely literary work, to write novels that are likely to be seized upon as profitable stage material. This tendency is general in England and America, and many writers, good, bad, and indifferent, are receiving royalties on plays immensely larger than they would ever earn from novels. As to France, the statistics of the French Society of Authors just issued show that, although the past year was considered a poor one for playwrights, seven play writers have earned over $20,000 each, eight over $10,000, twenty-seven between $5,000 and $10,000, twenty-eight between $2,500 and $5,000, and of 430 others none has earned less than $1,000.

* * *

Mr. Watts-Dunton, writing in The Book Monthly, on the discoveries made by the poet Swinburne and himself at the Pines, Putney, which has been called their literary lighthouse, says: "If it had not been for Rossetti Mr. Swinburne would never have written his brilliant essay on Blake, and if it had not been for the essay Blake would perhaps not have become the idol of a whole group of poets and writers. If Rossetti had never picked up in Quaritch's penny lumber box a copy of Fitzgerald's paraphrase of Omar Khayyam people would never have heard of the 'Rubaiyat' and we should have been spared an ocean of writing upon the tent maker of Nishapur."

* * *

Harold MacGrath has gone to Italy again and will spend some time at Lake Como, which he considers the most beautiful spot in the world. It was there, one remembers, that he laid the culminating love scene in "The Lure of the Mask." Mr. MacGrath is engaged upon a new novel.

* * *

Spirited bidding marked the sale of a first edition of Edgar Allen Poe's "Al Aaraaf" in the collection of historical books sold in a Philadelphia auction room recently. The volume was finally sold for $1 200 on an order of Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. This was an unusually high price for this book, the highest price ever having been paid for a circulation volume before being $700. A presentation copy of the same work was sold in New York last week for $3,900. The book contains "Al Aaraaf," "Tamerlane," and a number of minor poems, and was published in Baltimore in 1829 by Hatch & Dunning. It is still in its original binding.

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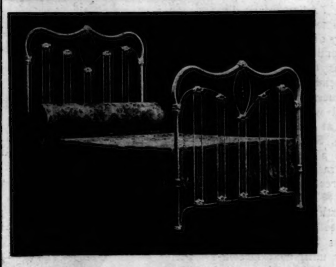

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE last of the Wheeldon organ recitals was given yesterday afternoon when a very interesting programme was rendered. Mr. Wheeldon's programme notes have been most educative and his interpretation of a very varied and interesting lot of compositions by the best known musicians has given great pleasure and instruction to many whose organ-lore was scant before this winter.

Mr. Halfdane and Mr. Charles Hertzberg have left Toronto for appointments in the West.

Lambton golfers are getting busy, and there have already been teas on the verandah of the fine club house, though the tea drinkers were not averse to a small sojourn round the blazing fire in the club room afterwards. The roads were fine for motoring early in the week, and several parties went out to the club house.

Miss Edith Snelgrove had a very few of her girl friends for tea on Wednesday, the large tea having been postponed on account of Mrs. Snelgrove's indisposition.

The last of the Parliamentary dinners at Government House took place on Thursday of last week, when some of the prominent citizens of Toronto were, as usual, invited in addition to the members. Sir Andrew Fraser was the guest of the Lieutenant-Governor and was a very welcome guest also at the dinner. On Saturday evening, Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark gave a dinner in honor of Sir Andrew Fraser, at their home in Wellington street.

Mrs. J. L. Scarth of 7 St. Patrick street, has gone to Europe with her sister-in-law, Miss Scarth. She intends to be away until next December. Mr. and Mrs. Munroe have taken Mrs. Scarth's house from the first of May, and will occupy it during her absence.

Mrs. Scott-Smith, of St. Catharines, is visiting her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey, at their home in Crescent Road, Rosedale.

Mr. A. A. Macdonald, who recently purchased Mr. Stanley Clarke's residence in Bernard avenue, has leased it to Mr. Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clarke will reside in England.

Captain Harold Lumb spent the week end in town, and returned to Brockville on Monday.

Miss Simpson, of Lennoxville, is visiting Mrs. Frank Young, of Tranby avenue.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones is entertaining her niece, Miss Louise Manning, and all those who were fortunate enough to meet the young lady last year are welcoming her back gladly.

Mrs. T. B. Taylor and her daughter, Mrs. George Gale, are at Atlantic City for Easter.

Senator Melvin-Jones is going abroad next week, with his nephew and niece, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Robinson.

Miss Mildred Cox, daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Cox, of Ottawa, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. George P. Reid in Jarvis street.

Extensive improvements are going on in Senator Cox's residence in Sherbourne street, and his marriage to Miss Sterling will be celebrated next week.

Colonel J. C. Macdougall has been up on a visit from Ottawa on his way to the West.

Miss Plummer of Sylvan Tower, is going to Holland shortly.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn has been suffering from the universal and trying complaint, grippe, which has laid so many people low this spring.

Miss Bessie Clark Murray is spending Easter with her sister, Mrs. Skeaff, Prince Arthur avenue.

Mr. Percy Scholfield, general manager of the Standard Bank, is building a very fine residence in the north part of the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, of Dunedin, and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald have gone to Old Point Comfort.

On Saturday evening Bertha Kalich finished a week of splendid acting at the Royal Alexandra theatre. There was not a large audience but a very appreciative one. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, Miss Plummer, of Sylvan Tower, Colonel Talbot, M. P., who was in one of the boxes, with a couple of ladies. Mr. Palmer and Miss Sheppard, were among the audience.

Mrs. McDowall Thomson is in Washington on her way home from the South.

Mrs. Alec Mackenzie has not been at all well, and is returning from Europe directly with her mother Mrs. Angus Kirkland.

Lady Allan, wife of Sir Montagu Allan, is a handsome and most attractive woman. At her beautiful home "Raven's Craig," Lady Allan has entertained lavishly for a number of years, and among her guests may be numbered the present Prince and Princess of Wales, while the present King was, during his visit to Canada in the sixties, entertained by the father of Sir Montagu, the late Sir Hugh Allan.

LADY ALLAN

The marriage of Mr. John Bruce Cowan and Miss Henrietta A. Smith, of Hamilton, takes place this month.

Mrs. Berkeley Powell of Ottawa, is in town, registered at the King Edward.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Mann are thinking of going abroad next month. During the May meeting the viceregal party will occupy Mr. Mann's beautiful residence, Fallingbrook.

Miss Maud Millman is spending a short time with her sister, of Bryn Mawr College, with whom she will spend Easter in New York and Washington.

Miss Marguerite Nesbitt, who has been visiting Mrs. Mann at Fallingbrook, returns to Woodstock next week.

This week being generally given over to religious observances, little is being done in social circles. Those who are sufficiently devoted to bridge are having "one table" parties after luncheon.

Mrs. Machell had a luncheon of ten covers last week at the Club, to discuss the advisability of postponing the ball in aid of the Follis avenue Mission House until next season. The experience of all agreed that a post Lenten ball was never up to much, and that lately people are apt to be taken up with country clubs and outdoor exercise to a point interfering with dances. The ladies' committee therefore decided to put off their ball for the present, and open next season with it. The date chosen was the King's birthday anniversary, November 9.

A smart audience assembled on Saturday night to hear Miss Grace Smith, the English pianist, and Miss Hope Morgan, the famous Canadian singer, who gave a concert in Conservatory Hall. The concert was under the patronage of Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Grey, with whom Miss Grace Smith was staying recently.

The patronesses of the Kathryn Innes-Taylor song recital on April 14 are Lady Clark, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. H. C. Cox, Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Leonard Boyd and Miss Veals.

Miss Eva Rogers is visiting Miss Elaine Hodgins at Cloynewood.

Mr. David Symons is building a very fine residence in Poplar Plains Road.

Mrs. George Bruenech has given a most successful exhibition of water colors in Ottawa. An average of fifty visitors a day attended.

Mrs. Kathryn Innes-Taylor is a daughter of the late Major Charles E. Thornton, 7th Royal Fusiliers of Beaumont Cote and Kirkland Hall, Garstan, Lancashire. She received her musical education in Bruxelles and Paris. She sings in Toronto April 14, in Conservatory Music Hall, in Hamilton on the 20th April, and in London before returning for a recital in Carnegie Hall, New York, on April 25, and sings in Ottawa and Montreal after that date. Her interpretations have been the cause of her phenomenal success in New York this season.

Mrs. Lewis Lukes, of Huron street, has returned to town.

Mr. Winder Strathy has returned from England and is at the King Edward.

Mrs. F. W. Waldie, Miss Isobel Robertson, Sir Glenholme Falconbridge, Mrs. Casey, Miss Hodgins, Mr. R. G. McLean, Miss McLean, Mrs. W. L. Baynes Reed, Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis, are some of last months' visitors at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Miss Anna Jennings has been the victim of a severe attack of grippe at The Pines, Bloor street.

Mr. H. P. Dwight, of St. George street, is convalescent after a severe illness.

The Lake Shore Country Club, which recently purchased Lorne Park, have commenced the erection of new buildings and the installation of an electric light plant. They expect to open on June 15 with a banquet or garden party.

Mrs. E. C. Berkinshaw, of Oak Villa, Balsam avenue, was hostess of a shower and dance on Wednesday evening of last week, given in honor of Miss Luta Welch and Mr. Jack Wilson. At 12 o'clock supper was served on a long table, suitably decorated with hearts. In the centre was a cut glass bowl filled with red roses, resting on four large red hearts outlined with smilax and roses, and at each corner red shaded candles, the favors were little red heart-shaped baskets filled with bon-bons. After supper the guests presented their gifts amid much laughter and fun. Mr. Wilson made a witty little speech, in which he thanked his friends for their kindness to Miss Welch and himself. Miss Welch looked dainty in a pretty white embroidery frock.

Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson are going to Budapest in August for the Medical Congress.

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LILIES

By PETER O'DEE

(Written for Toronto Saturday Night.)

THERE were lilies everywhere, some set out on the ground, others on low benches, and still others on tables, raising their pale chalices high in the air. The little greenhouse was one mass of tender white and dark green, and the air was filled with their subtle fragrance. The day was one of those soft spring days, which sometimes come treading with magical suddenness on the very heels of winter—days when the sun looks down wanly through the languorous air, and the good brown earth seems to stretch and yawn before waking from her sleep. It was so mild that several windows in the greenhouse were open, and the air within shared in the freshness of out-of-doors. The lilies seemed to open all their serene beauty to its fragrance, and the call of spring thrilled through their every leaf.

The girl, who moved slowly and methodically from plant to plant, snipping a leaf off here, pouring a little water in there, and hovering over the flowers with a passionate devotion and singleness of purpose, was almost as pale as they. One might have thought her a flower which had suddenly developed powers of locomotion, and was going about ministering to her less gifted sisters. But she was not a pretty girl. Her figure was thin and immature, suggesting the long slender stalks of the flowers she tended. Nor was her face remarkable, except for its clear pallor and a pair of wonderful grey eyes, limpid and serene, which viewed things with a strange aloofness, as though looking at them across some wide interval. These eyes were so busy now with the flowers, brooding over their delicate beauty, that they did not notice the door open and a man step in.

"Excuse me, but could I see the proprietor?"

She looked up startled and a faint flush crept into her cheek at the sight of this handsome man with the smiling brown eyes and the pointed brown beard and the general air of the *Quartier Latin*, as she had read of it in some of her father's old romances. The picture of Rudolf and Mimi in Henri Murger's ever delightful story passed through her mind as she answered, after a moment's hesitation.

"No, father is out now. He has gone to town, but he will be back soon."

Each waited for the other to say something further, but both stood silent. He was studying her eyes with an artist's delight in their beauty, while she was weaving about him the glamour of old romance. They both suddenly awoke from their reverie. He laughed and she blushed.

"'The light that lies in woman's eyes——'" he quoted.

She looked down at her clasped hands in their coarse working gloves.

"Do—do you want some flowers?" she asked.

"Why, yes, I believe I do. I was out for a walk and happened to notice the lilies from the road. I couldn't resist coming up to get one. But just for a moment—something put it out of my mind." And he looked at her with roguish meaning.

The flush came back to her face and she turned away to hide it. She bent over a plant and pretended to examine a leaf.

"Do you want a plant or just a bloom?" she asked without looking up.

"Just one pale blossom, so that I may go 'wearing the white flower of a blameless life'—at least in its literal meaning."

She picked up the shears that hung from her waist and looked about her to see where she would cut the flower. Even in all that abundance it was hard to find one that she was willing to sacrifice. They were all beautiful, she had watched them all unfold, and it hurt her to cut even one. The man watched her intently.

"It certainly is hard, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, I hate to cut them or see them go—just when they are sweetest, too. That is the worst of being a florist, you know."

She looked up at him enquiringly, as though to see if he understood. He nodded his head.

"I like working around them and watching them grow. And then it is so delightful when the buds come. But it is terrible to have to send them away. I always feel as though they caught to go in a little white hearse, like children."

She smiled wistfully at her own fancy. Then in sudden determination as though anxious to have it over and done with, she seized a lovely flower and made a movement to cut it off. But he caught her arm.

"No, no, you mustn't do that," he said. "I couldn't let you, after what you told me. And you are right, too. They are so much better and more beautiful here. I won't take one. I will just look at them and go away, carrying them in my memory."

He kept his hand on her arm as he spoke, and she felt the warmth of it through her thin dress. It made her thrill strangely. But she did not try to draw away from him.

"You might as well let me do it," she said, "because they will soon have to go anyway. It is only a short while to Easter, and then they will all be sold. That is why we grow them—to decorate churches and houses. Oh, I hate that season. It seems so sad that all these lovely things should fade and die—just to make one day beautiful. It nearly breaks my heart every time."

He patted her shoulder gently, as though to soothe the troubled imaginings of a child.

"They would fade anyway," he said. "It is only a question of a little earlier or a little later. But at the same time it is sad to see them go. So I won't allow you to hurry the death of even one blossom. But you must allow me to come back again to see them. I am fond of flowers, and I love lilies above all others. You will let me come won't you?"

There was a winsome appeal in the smiling face, and she smiled, too, as she nodded her head in answer. He held out his hand.

"Goodbye, then—or, better still, *auf wiedersehn!*"

She placed her hand in his and then laughed gaily at sight of the surprise in his face as he felt the coarse glove.

"Oh, excuse me, "she said, "I forgot."

She drew the glove off and gave him the slender, little hand.

"Goodbye—come again."

The commonplace words received from her tone and manner a shy grace. He said he would come, and then he went away leaving her to return to her flowers. But there was an unexpected touch of warmth in the pallor of her face, and her eyes had more of brightness and less of serenity than before.

He came again next day. It was such a pleasant walk out along that country road, he had told himself, and when he came opposite the little old stone building with the greenhouses jutting out from it on every side, what more natural than that he should step in—just for a moment—to speak to her and see how the lilies were getting on. He stayed a couple of hours. She was waiting for him this time and had a pretty little speech all prepared.

"Don't you see the lilies are all nodding good-morning to you?" she said. "That is the way they do when the sun peeps in through the glass at them."

And then he took off his hat with a grand sweep, and louted low to them. "I bid ye good morrow, fair damsels all!"

"Just like a play!" she cried. "Just like the knight in the play!"

After a few minutes she went about her work—he told her to—while he followed her about chatting. It was about the flowers they spoke first, but afterwards they came to talk about themselves, as is ever the way between a man and a maid. And then he told her about Paris and the *Quartier Latin*.

"Oh, oh, so you're an artist after all!" she said. "I guessed it right in the beginning."

"Because I wear a broad felt hat and a beard?" he asked laughing. She was delightful, this child, in her simplicity. "But I'm afraid you're mistaken. I have studied art and I have played at art, but I have never had to work at it, and so I am no artist. I am one of those fellows who stand about the gate and look in at the masters at work. And I watch them with all the greater admiration and envy, because I know how great they are and how hard they have striven. But I haven't the courage to go and do likewise. I am too much in love with the pleasant green places where it is easy to live."

He was one of those fellows who love to talk, and would rather talk evil of themselves than be silent. He was talking now for his own pleasure, hardly expecting her to fully understand him. She listened to him with dreaming eyes, and when he had done she spoke gently.

"But you still have your dreams," she said, "and they are always so much more beautiful than the things one does."

"Where did you learn all this?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know—from my own dreams, perhaps. You see I have so much time to think of these things as I go about among the flowers."

It was some days after this—he had called almost every day in the meantime—that he told her how sorry he would be to see the flowers go at Easter time.

"You see, I am something of a painter," he said, "and I see everything with a painter's eye. That is why I delight so in this picture of you among these white flowers. If I were a doer of things instead of a mere dawdler, I would have already put you on canvas, a pale sweet face amid the clusters of pearly bells. And that is why I hate to think of them being taken away. They are part of the picture, and it makes me feel as though some vandal were about to paint the background out of a Velasquez."

She blushed at his words about the "pale, sweet face." And suddenly the resolution took shape in her mind, that the flowers should not be sold. It had always been hard to part with them, but now it would be intolerable. After he had gone she told her father—the quiet, slender, stooping old man, whose eyes were like hers and filled with the same dreamy light, and whose days were all devoted to the working out of strange botanical problems. He saw always before him the vision of new blossoms, different from any that had grown before, green chrysanthemums, black roses, tulips of weird stripe, and, except his daughter, he thought of no other thing but how to give them to the world.

"But why don't you want to sell them?" he asked when she told him.

"Because—because I can't bear to part with them."

"That's strange. You always let them go before. But they are yours, my girl, and you can do with them as you wish. Remember, though, that the money was to go towards the new piano you want."

"Oh, that will have to wait, dad."

And so it was decided that the flowers should not go, and very proud and happy she was to be able to tell him so when he next came to ask about them. "How are the lilies to-day?" was always his first word. It made her blush, too, for she felt that he included her with the flowers.

Of course, he was delighted at the good news,

"Prayer is best when it is happiest," he said. "The lilies will be a much finer offering to the Lord here in the sunshine, than they would be in the dingy interior of a church. They glow in beauty here, but there they would be merely sickly and wan."

The happy days went on for her, and Easter passed without its usual pang. She had her flowers, more beautiful than ever, and her dreams took on new and gorgeous hues. And he continued to come. They sat together and talked through long happy hours, in which she opened out all her heart to him, the heart of a child and of a woman. But he saw only the child in her. His eyes looked with too careless a glance to see the woman, and his heart was selfish. Her serene manner, too, deceived him. A slight flush on the pale face was the utmost sign she gave of her feelings, even when he came to her suddenly after having been absent for two or three days. So it was with the manner of one taking leave of a friend, that he told her one day he was going away and might not return for years.

"Going away?" she asked slowly, "going away?" The words did not seem to have any meaning for her.

"Yes, going away. I am going back to Europe, to Paris."

"And I won't see—you won't come to visit the lilies any more?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to come. I have many preparations to make. Besides——"

"Besides what?" She looked up at him.

"Besides——" It was really absurd that he should find so much difficulty in telling a mere child like this. "Besides—I am going to be married!" Some how or other it sounded to him like a blow. He felt as if he had struck her.

She looked frightened for one moment. and then grew even paler than usual. That was all.

"I hope——she's very nice," she said after a pause.

He nodded his head—even he knew that he should not praise his sweetheart before her.

"Does she love lilies?"

"Yes—she is very fond of flowers." He spoke perfunctorily, remembering the breezy, passionate nature of the woman he was to marry. If she loved flowers, it was roses, fierce, red roses.

Then after a while she asked him to tell her all about this woman, and he answered her questions, finally warming to his subject in the fashion of lovers. He spoke out in his enthusiasm, and forgot all about the girl at his side. But she listened very quietly.

"She must be very beautiful," was all she said when he had done.

Her tone was wistful, and he longed to tell her that she, too, was beautiful, though in the fashion of her own white lilies beside a crimson rose.

"But when are you going to be married?" she asked.

"To-morrow. I—I put off saying goodbye till the very last day."

"That was very good of you." She thought it was consideration for her—not knowing that it was merely cowardice—and she was unaffectedly grateful to him. "But you mustn't stay too long. Perhaps you will be wanted. You had better say goodbye now."

They shook hands and he went away, feeling a relief that it had all been so easy. He realized now what a part he had been acting, but he was happy in the reflection that there had been no harm done.

The girl went back to her flowers, and taking her shears cut the pale blossoms off in beautiful long-stemmed clusters.

"He said she was fond of lilies," she murmured, "and these will be so beautiful to-morrow in the church."

For herself she kept only her dreams. But there are dreams which outvalue all the sad realities of earth.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. J. W. Flavelle.

Handsome Easter Footwear

Take a peep in next time you pass—whether you want shoes or not—and see in what a masterful way we've prepared for the Spring Shoe business.

Men's, women's, children's—all sorts of shoe wants well provided for, and done the way we always do things.

That means not only large variety for selection, but better shoes for your money.

We'll get your business, if you're really in earnest about getting the best shoes your money can buy.

We're ready to show you when you're ready to look.

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114 YONGE STREET

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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!?· Points About People ·?!

Hens and Neighbors.

THE gardening season is at hand, and these are the the days when the man with chickens, be he ever so good a fellow, is unpopular with his neighbors. Toronto is happily still in a position, despite its recent progress where nearly every householder is a gardener, even though upon an infinitesimal scale. Now, if you live next door to a fellow with hens you are in a constant state of mental anxiety when one of them flies over into your yard, lest her purposes be predatory. The trouble is that the man who owns hens cannot see why his pets are unpopular, and it seems cruel if you demand that he house them up just at the season when they enjoy themselves most. In fact poultry has caused more warfare among neighbors than politics.

A Toronto gentleman living on the outskirts, and very proud of his garden, was troubled a year or so ago with the chickens of the man next door, and after careful mental application devised this scheme of ridding himself of the nuisance and avoiding an open breach. One night he carefully secreted a number of eggs under the bushes in his back garden. Next day when his neighbor was strolling about he came out with a basket and after passing the time of day and a remark or two to the effect that it was likely to rain, proceeded under the gaze of the poultry owner to gather up the eggs he had planted the night before. For ever after that the obnoxious birds were kept at home.

The Father of Music in Toronto.

WHAT perhaps may be one of the last public appearances of Dr. F. H. Torrington as a conductor has occurred this week with Good Friday presentation of Gounod's "Redemption," and it is worth noting that most Torontonians have never heard this thirty-year-old work performed under the baton of any other conductor. As a matter of fact no other conductor in this city has ever succeeded in making a success of oratorio. One or two have tried but absolutely failed and been forced to meet financial disaster. Of course some of the younger men have in fealty, refrained from invading what has been deemed the special field of the father of good music in Toronto, but it is also a fact that oratorio is no longer the vital thing it was up to 1850, and only an Englishman well versed in the traditions of the school has much chance of seizing public attention.

Apart, however, from his musical work it is the bigness of Dr. Torrington's heart which commends itself to those intimately familiar with musical conditions in Toronto. He is a man who in a singular degree has succeeded in retaining the affection of the thousands of pupils who have passed through his hands.

This was demonstrated a few summers ago when, a little discouraged over affairs in Toronto, and imagining that the younger generation was forgetting him, he took a trip to the North-west.

In every town between Winnipeg and Vancouver he was eagerly welcomed by old pupils and friends, some of whose faces he had even forgotten. Like all men of the musical temperament, great and small, he has at one time or another, suffered keen mental anguish from imaginary slights, and it was probably the pleasantest moment of his life when to his own extreme surprise, on the occasion when he last conducted the "Messiah," the entire musical profession of the city came forward with a Christmas gift and an address doing him honor signed by every one of them. Perhaps even more to be esteemed, however, is the gratitude of the many unknown musicians in hard luck to whom he has unostentatiously extended the right hand of good fellowship. This aspect of his life in Toronto does not reach the public ear, yet it is well attested by those familiar with the inside of the local musical struggle.

A Pertinent Question.

A GOOD story is going the rounds in certain Ottawa circles at the expense of a well-known young lady of the Capital who is better versed on the latest creations in the way of hats than in the current topics of the day.

One evening last week, at a bridge given by the young lady to a few of her most intimate friends, the conversation at the supper table turned to the recent debate in the House of Commons on Canada's contribution to the naval defence of the Empire. One of the guests remarked that he thought Canada should build one or two Dreadnoughts, at which the society damsel electrified her guests by asking in the mildest manner possible:

"What is a Dreadnought?"

In the roar of laughter that followed, several of the party narrowly escaped choking.

It was the First of April.

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical man had a unique and rather trying experience of the suspiciousness of a hotel clerk last week. After the theatres had come out he dropped into a hotel in the region of the playhouse he had attended and was given a private room, where he with a local friend chatted and smoked for the better part of an hour. Finally the two left, and the visitor proceeded to his own hotel half a mile further along the street. After he had gone to his room he made the discovery that he had dropped his purse in the room of the other hotel which he had visited. He at once telephoned to the night clerk of the latter and asked him to send someone to the room and make a search.

"Rats," exclaimed the clerk.

The visitor grew excited and urged the clerk in strong language to carry out his request.

"Oh, quit your kidding," was the only response he could get, and finally the clerk added: "Do you think I don't know it's the first of April?

Then the situation dawned on the visitor; it was after midnight and the day sacred to practical jokers had begun.

Another Canadian Play Writer.

NOWADAYS when a man makes a success in New York it is no surprise to be told that he is a Canadian. Those who read the popular magazines are aware that one of the greatest financial successes (whatever its artistic qualities may be) that the American stage has known in the past few years has been "The Chorus Lady," as presented by Miss Rose Stahl. The play, before it was extended to the length of a drama, was familiar in the local vaudeville theatres as a sketch replete with wit and naturalness.

It now transpires that the author, James Forbes, is a Canadian who was born not so many years ago in Guelph, Ont., After a flyer at newspaper work in Canadian towns, he went to the United States to engage in the same calling, but abandoned it to become a theatrical advance agent. At that work he obtained some of the knowledge which finds expression in his most noted stage offering. It is estimated that "The Chorus Lady" has earned greater profits than any work produced on the American stage in the past ten years. "The Travelling Salesman," another of his colloquial offerings, has also earned large profits; and he has several other plays up his sleeve.

If a census of the native-born Canadians in the United States were taken it would reveal some surprises.

Alex. Nelson and Joseph Howe.

THE late Alexander Nelson, one of the proprietors of the Rossin House, who died so suddenly last month, was one of the few Canadians still surviving in this neck of the land who knew Joseph Howe intimately. To the average Ontario man the name of Joseph Howe is all but meaningless, but in the Maritime Provinces his name is one cherished as highly as that of Sir John Macdonald or Hon. George Brown in this section of the country. He was the man who opposed Confederation, as did John Sanfield Macdonald, the first Premier of Ontario, after nationhood became established. And he it was who was worsted by young Dr. Tupper, who practically hurled the Bluenoses into Confederation against their will. His old constituency was Hants, and the father of the three Nelsons, who nearly twenty years ago, took over the Rossin House, kept hotel at Shubenacadie, the principal settlement of the riding. It was Alexander Nelson's duty as a boy to drive Joseph Howe all over the large and partly unsettled riding on his visits to his constituents, of whom he was never neglectful.

The best of the late Mr. Nelson's reminiscences as to Howe's campaign methods related to the visit of the present King, then Prince of Wales, to Canada in 1859. Shubenacadie was then the terminal of the newly built railway running from Halifax into Hants county, and on the day of the arrival nearly a hundred of the constituents of the Prime Minister of Nova Scotia journeyed to Halifax to see the arrival of His Royal Highness. When they got there they found the streets so filled with troops and people from everywhere that there was little chance for anybody to see anything Suddenly old Mr. Nelson, who was with the party, sighted Joseph Howe on his way to the wharf to officially greet the Prince in the name of the colony of Nova Scotia. The Shubenacadie contingent told him that they wanted to get a good look at Albert Edward, and the Prime Minister took the whole tribe of his constituents along and placed them on a wharf alongside the landing place, where they saw everything. And as he walked into the city, His Royal Highness had an auxiliary guard of Hants county voters.

Ontario Press Gallery Banquet.

OF late years the press gallery of the Ontario Legislature has emulated the practice of the correspondents at Ottawa in holding an annual dinner, and the wits of the local daily press exercise themselves in drawing up a menu card. Chosen friends among the members of the House are invited to participate, and these menu cards are precious souvenirs which are taken home to the various constituencies and shown around. This annual event was pulled off last Monday night, and, although Premier Whitney tried to give it a little touch of the "uplift" with a foreword, the affair was a rollicking one. These were Sir James's words on the title page of the menu:

"Gentlemen of the press, continue earnest and fear less in the discharge of your duties, remembering always that in so far as you spread the truth and express public thought you take a leading part in the administration of the state. I say continue, because you have already embarked on that course."

Perhaps the Premier did not realize that he was guilty of a paradox in requesting the newspaper to both spread the truth and express public thought, and it must have given him a shock to turn over the page and find the following reflection from one of The Globe's young men: "Politics—a long haul up a steep grade ending at a dump." The Telegram young man added: "They are all honorable men—but it depends on what paper you read." The Star young man also showed his earnestness and fearlessness by the remark: "Law is a thing for which one has respect until he sees it made."

In addition to toasting and twitting the cabinet ministers and legislators, the men were generous enough to drink the health of themselves and had a special toast for The Mail and Empire representative, the old campaigner of the crowd. Even King Edward did not escape, for he was toasted as "a great peace-maker and a great copy-maker."

Story of a Local Poet.

THE number of local poets in this community is something that amazes the stranger who comes within our gates. Every prominent journal in Toronto weekly receives reams of verses, mostly bad. The favorite of these poetasters are religion and natural description.

Some years ago—a quarter of a century ago in fact—a local versifier conceived the fancy of christening Toronto "The daughter of the Don." His poem commenced with the graceful couplet:

"Oh, Daughter of the Don,
Put thy sunny raiment on."

Now those were the days before the Don had been straightened, and though even to-day it is not a very palatable looking stream, at that time a man would be loath to let any dog he was fond of swim in it. It was in truth a favorite resort for the man who wished to drown a decrepit animal. At that time Mr. E. E. Sheppard was conducting The Evening News, with a staff of bright young men who did not care what they said in print, and the paper had won certain vogue by its care-free utterances. The poem was printed in The News, with the plain-spoken intimation that it was "hogwash." This was too much for the poet who again sought the aid of the muse in devising a revenge. After great mental strain he evolved the following quatrain:

"Hogwash is a word
That can only be heard,
In the slangy herd
Of a man named Shep-perd."

This he pasted in large letters on all the bill-boards of the town, and was rather non-plussed when The News accepted the compliment and reprinted his later effusion.

Rev. T. Crawford Brown.

REV. T. CRAWFORD BROWN, minister of New St. Andrew's church, King street, Toronto, whose engagement to Miss Melvin-Jones is announced, is one of the most striking of Canadian Presbyterian clergyman. Tall, broad shouldered, and of ruddy complexion, he looks to be what he is—a tireless worker. A serious minded, clear-eyed man of sympathetic, nervous temperament, perseverance and zeal sometimes hold him to his work even beyond the bounds of prudence. When he came to Toronto four years ago he found an old grey church of Norman architecture, sheltering an average congregation of about a hundred and fifty persons. Now, every Sunday evening the year round, the church, renovated almost to the extent of being rebuilt, is crowded to its seating capacity of thirteen hundred.

REV. T. CRAWFORD BROWN.

Before his installation the members had lost heart. They felt that the church had no future in the downtown district, and had almost resolved to abandon their place on the firing line and move further north. Gradually the idea, fostered by Mr. Brown, that they could serve God and the Presbyterian cause best where they were took growth. Among the improvements to the church is a new organ, the largest, but one, on the continent. Electric lighting has been substituted for gas, and the choir chancel rebuilt. These changes cost $33,000. With the reopening of the beautiful church on the first Sunday in December, 1907, the old John Knox form of service was re-established. For years this form of worship had fallen into disuse. Now it is reproduced even more perfectly than in St. Giles's church, Edinburgh, where Mr. Brown officiated for the year preceding his call to Toronto, as first assistant to Dr. Cameron Lees, C.V.O., Royal Chaplain of Scotland.

But St. Andrew's, Toronto, is really T. Crawford Brown's first charge.

Born in Richmond, Ont., near the Dominion's capital, about thirty-five years ago, he was educated at Queen's University, winning laurels in every subject he essayed He was an honor graduate in mental and moral philosophy as well as political science; he is also a double gold medalist in philosophy, and held the Macdonald scholarship in political science, besides four scholarships in theology and general proficiency. Formerly an enthusiastic baseballist and skater, and still an ardent golfer and yachtsman, he finds common ground of meeting with all young men.

Mr. Brown believes in physical as well as spiritual training, and St. Andrew's church has worked along this line in its institute at 80 Nelson street. But the work has outgrown the equipment of the present building, and much of Mr. Brown's energy has been bent towards consolidating it on church premises. Plans are in preparation for a new $50,000 building on the manse property behind the church. There it is Mr. Brown's ambition to go in for real settlement work. The building will consist of a clubhouse, reading rooms, a large auditorium, Sunday school and assembly rooms, drawing rooms, gymnasium, good library, smoke rooms, bowling alley, and baths, together with regular club apartments where young men may take up their quarters surrounded by good influences.

SPECULATION

By L. C. WEBBER.

I.

This is the drop of water, which mocks
The eager buyer of silver rocks

II.

This is a great bubble that men called stock
Which inflated, burst and fell with a shock.

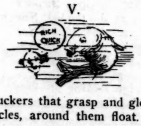
III.

Through this bowl, I venture to state,
The water gushed at a furious rate.

IV.

This is the playful sport of that beast—a bull,
Which has on the pipe a tremendous pull.

V.



These are the suckers that grasp and gloat,
As air-filled circles, around them float.

VI.

This powerful bear has a forcible paw,
Which grabbed and squeezed, regardless of law.

VII.

This is the pompous man, who nnanced a deal
In Gowganda mines and a Cobalt steal.

VIII.

This is the penniless man, all haggard and worn,
Who from money and friends, through stocks was torn.

IX.

This is the wife who scrubs the floors,
Cooks the meals and does the chores,
For the penniless man, all haggard and worn,
Who, from money and friends, through stocks was torn
By the pompous man who financed a deal
In Gowganda mines and a Cobalt steal,
Through the powerful bear, with his forcible paw,
Which grabbed and squeezed, regardless of law,
The hopeful suckers which grasp and gloat,
As air-filled circles around them float,
In playful sport of that beast—a bull,
Which has on the pipe a tremendous pull,
So that through its bowl, I venture to state,
The water gushed at a furious rate,
And made a great bubble that men called stock,
Which inflated, burst and fell with a shock,
And nothing is left but the drop, which mocks
The eager buyer of silver rocks.

The Men That Get the News

THAT YOU READ TO-DAY.

Alexander C. Lewis, of "The Telegram."

The standing grievance of the newspapermen that scour Toronto, night and day, for salient news facts is that the people they get to adopt the attitude of being utterly opposed to publicity. When an attempt was made, in this instance, to have a few members of the anonymous army of Toronto newspapermen give up their pictures for publication, they acted just about as does the public. They preferred traditional privacy. These sketches aim to tell a little of just a small portion of the army that gets the news.

TO state that a certain newspaperman in this city is the man that runs Toronto would seem like an unwontedly bold assertion; like a story that could not be verified—one of those little exclusive yarns that is great until it is officially denied, and becomes another "beat" or "scoop" gone to grass. This writing is not for the purpose of proving, and will not attempt to prove, that Alexander Cameron Lewis, City Hall reporter for The Evening Telegram, is he who actually runs the city; but at the same time there is a versimilitude between the assertion and the facts, which may lead to deductions.

Every evening and every morning newspaper has one or more men stationed at the City Hall. Alex. Lewis, with assistance, does the work for The Telegram. There are two parts to his job. One consists in listening to the outbursts of Aldermen and Controllers, also committee members, and putting what they say in shape to print. This is strict reportorial work, confined mostly to listening and writing.

Then there's the other part, and it works out about like this. Some fine morning there is interjected into the routine of City Hall affairs some big question. It is intended perhaps for the improvement of the city, or the advancement of the interest of citizens; or it may be launched for the aggrandizement of an individual, or a coterie of individuals. At any rate it aims to spend the money of ratepayers. Immediately it is placed in the proper channels for executive consideration and for public dissemination. Every alderman and controller has to make up his mind what stand he is going to take on the question. The Mayor does so, in his own way. Then poking his head into the door of the Mayor's room comes Alex. Lewis, who asks a few questions, and then listens. He chats with the Controllers about it, and with Aldermen. He does a lot of listening, and walks down to The Telegram office. Now it may be that the Mayor and a majority of the city fathers have about made up their minds that this trunk sewer, or this application for a free factory site, or this request for a large appropriation, is all right, and should pass. It may be that Alex. Lewis also has made up his mind about it. Anyway, he goes down to his office and goes into informal executive session with his managing editor, and the thing is threshed out to a finish. The Telegram formulates its policy on the question in hand, and while the lobbyists, if there are any, are buttonholing City Hall rulers up in the expensive civic pile, editorials and other articles are being written in the office of The Telegram. The editorials and articles say, and they point out why, the trunk sewer or whatever it is, is a new form of hold-up, or a piece of extravagance, or an unwarranted precedent; or else that it's a good thing. After that it is somewhat amusing to watch these heretofore outspoken chaps up at the Hall edit their own stuff.

And the final result of the secret service work of Alex. Lewis, in conjunction with the rest of the machine, is that what The Telegram says just about goes.

The way newspapermen get news is about as varied as the modes people take to get rich. It is a pretty safe statement to make that Alex. Lewis knows about as much of the things that are going on at the City Hall, which is where city matters focus, as any man that can be named. Mr. Lewis served his time in the assessment and treasury departments of the municipal parliament before he took up newspaper work. His specialty is demanding and securing the inside facts that he is after. He is not an imaginative writer. He prefers cold facts. Alex. Lewis has most of the building by-laws, fire department regulations, names and locations of city streets, values of city property, and items coming under a few hundred more classifications, tucked away in his head where he can reach them quickly in an emergency. He is doing, in his way, the work that is done by other men representing other Toronto papers at the City Hall. But The Telegram specializes on the things heretofore touched on, in a way that no other newspaper in the city does.

A lawsuit regarding the possession of twenty-four titles of nobility, which has lasted for a century, has been decided in Rome. By the decision of the Court of Cassation the twenty-four titles have been awarded to Signor Baldasarre Caracciolo, of Naples. Signor Caracciolo will therefore be entitled to bear the title of prince, that of marquis, three titles of count, and eighteen distinct titles of baron. A twenty-fifth distinction which Signor Caracciolo will receive is that of Grandee of Spain of the First Class.

Colonel Denison's Remarkable New Book.

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON'S new book, "The Struggle for Imperial Unity," issued this week by the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, is, in the language of the newspaper office, hot stuff. Colonel Denison has not written an ordinary history of the Imperialistic movement in Canada. To him it was not a movement at all. It was a struggle, and a fierce one. He was in the thick of it—the moving spirit of it—and the story that he tells is based entirely on personal experience, personal recollection, and first-hand information. Barring altogether one or two sensational revelations, the story, told with the red-blooded impulsiveness that marks the Colonel to-day as strongly as it marked him in earlier and more stirring times, is one of compelling interest. But certain incidents in connection with the Commercial Union and Annexation movements, with which the writer acquaints the public for the first time, are positively startling in his interpretation of them; and astonishing by any interpretation

Colonel Denison is of the opinion that the seeds of Imperialism as an Empire-embracing scheme were planted in Canada by a few loyal men who in 1868 formed an organization which became known as the Canada First party. The original members were Wm. A. Foster and Colonel Denison, of Toronto; Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa; Charles Mair, of Lanark; and Robert J. Haliburton, eldest son of the author of "Sam Slick," of Halifax. These men were joined by other enthusiasts, and stood uncompromisingly for loyalty to Britain through a critical formative period of the country's life. Perhaps they allowed the loyalty hobby to run away with them sometimes. Beyond question they were sometimes rash in action and frequently intemperate in the use of language. So it appears to-day, when the average young Canadian citizen can scarcely understand what all the flag-waving and warlike talk of thirty or forty years ago was about. The word "annexation" in a Toronto paper to-day has no significance except as referring to the proposed addition of another suburb or two in this prosperous, absolutely peaceful city. But it is well to remember that there was a time when the term had a very different meaning—a terribly ugly meaning to many British-Canadians anxious for the future of what was then a weak, struggling colony. Some of the public speeches by Canada First men and others in years gone by may to-day suggest melodrama, but those who were then working to build up a national spirit looked, or believed they did, often upon the face of tragedy.

When the first Red River rebellion occurred, and Thomas Scott had been murdered by the rebels, Father Richot and one Scott, as emissaries of Riel, were despatched to Ottawa to treat with Sir John A. Macdonald's Government. Colonel Denison went himself to Ottawa to urge Sir John not to receive them. When the Premier refused this request, the Colonel hotly assured him that he would no longer support him, and did not, but worked against him for many years. Then Colonel Denison hurried back to Toronto, and warrants were sworn out against Richot and Scott as accessories to the murder of Scott. After a great deal of trouble their arrest was effected, but they were released. Then the Toronto patriots heard that Sir George Cartier and Bishop Tache were to pass through Toronto on the way to Niagara Falls to meet Lieutenant-Governor Archibald of the new western province and induce him, if possible, to withdraw the expedition against Riel. A hostile demonstration was planned, and Cartier's effigy was to be burned at the station; and when Colonel Denison heard that there was talk of a guard of honor to meet Cartier, he was wrathy indeed. He says:

"I was at that time out of the force, but I went to Lieut.-Col. Durie, and told him I had heard of the guard of honor business, and asked him if he thought he could intimidate us, and I told him that if we heard any more of it, we would take possession of the armory that night, that we would have ten men to his one, and if anyone in Toronto wanted to fight it out, we were ready to fight it out in the streets."

Col. Durie telegraphed Cartier, and the latter went to the Falls by way of the States. Such was the state of affairs in 1870.

But the startling revelations of the volume are found in the chapter devoted to "The Commercial Union Movement—a Treasonable Conspiracy." This movement is something that even young men can remember. The claim was made by its promoters at the time, and is made yet, that Commercial Union merely meant closer trade relations with the United States. To Colonel Denison and his party it meant a plain step in the direction of annexation. He indicts Goldwin Smith as the most influential advocate of the movement in Canada, and tells of the breach that came between these two old friends. At that time Colonel Denison openly charged the Sage of the Grange with treason, and they have never spoken since. Names of the prominent men in New York with whom Erastus Wiman acted in the effort to unite the countries commercially, are given. Andrew Carnegie was among them. Charles A. Dana was prominent as a leader in the movement. But among the surprises that Colonel Denison springs is a photographic reproduction of a letter from Honore Mercier to Dana, implicating him in the scheme. Here it is, dated as recently as 1893; and it will be seen by the note paper that at that time Hon. Lomer Gouin and Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux were law partners of Mercier:

Mercier, Gouin & Lemieux, Avocats. Montreal,
Hon. Honore Mercier, C.R. 9th August, 1893.
Lomer Gouin, LL.B.
Rodolphe Lemieux, L.L.L.
(Private and Confidential.)

To the Honorable Mr. Dana,
Editor of "The Sun," New York:

Dear Sir,—

I have met General Kirwin Sunday last, and am satisfied with the general result of the interview.

I asked him to see you without delay, and to tell you what took place.

As the matter he placed before me concerns chiefly the American side of our common cause, I thought better to have your view first and be guided by you.

General Kirwin seems to be a reliable man, as you stated in your letter, and to be much devoted to our cause.

My trip in the East has been a success and will bring out a strong and very important move in favour of Canadian Independence.

I will be in Chicago on the 22nd inst. to take part in the French Canadian Convention and hope to obtain there a good result.

Allow me to bring your attention to my state of poverty and to ask you if our New York friends could not come to my rescue, in order that I might continue the work, in providing me with at least my travelling expenses.

I make that suggestion very reluctantly but by necessity.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
Honore Mercier.

P.S.—I would advise you to seal and register every letter you will send me. I intend to leave for Chicago on Sunday, the 13th inst., and stop at Detroit and Buffalo. H. M.

Then follows a reproduction—also a photographic facsimile—of a letter written, on receipt of the foregoing, by Dana to Mr. James Morrison, a Toronto sympathizer:

"The Sun."
New York, Aug. 12, 1893.

Dear Mr. Morrison,—

I have just received the enclosed letter. Its demands are moderate. You know the sum which is in my hands. How much should I send him? Please return the letter with your answer.

Yours faithfully,
C. A. Dana.

James Morrison, Esq.,
Toronto, Canada.

Whatever the significance of the Commercial Union movement may have been; however far Colonel Denison's fine but impulsive loyalty may have led him from a reading of the real pulse of the public; whatever danger there may have been of the absorption of Canada by Uncle Sam, the revelations made in this volume throw a very white, new light on a political situation now happily beyond possibility of revival except as a curious recollection.

HAL.

M. CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY, THE IMPRESSIONIST COMPOSER, WHO IS SEEKING TO DO FOR MUSIC WHAT IMPRESSIONISM HAS DONE FOR ART.

M. Claude Achille Debussy's music is beginning to rouse in England an interest similar to that with which it is received on the Continent. He studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained the Prix de Rome, its most coveted distinction. Debussy is the founder of a school that would seem bent on doing for music what Impressionism has done for art. The movement, which is marked by much sincerity of purpose, is likely to enlarge the boundaries of expression, and to translate into terms of music, moods and fancies hitherto beyond the range of the art.

Mr. Bungleby's Dilemma.

"I DON'T like to have to do either," said Mr. Bungleby, (a New York Sun character), "but it looks now as if I'd have to keep my mouth shut or go to a pronouncing school because my two amiable daughters object so to my mispronouncing words when I speak.

"When we were poorer, a great deal poorer, and that wasn't such a terrible long time ago, I used to be permitted to pronounce words about as I wanted to and nobody objected; and that was a great comfort to me because I never was very much on the pronounce and I always like to be free anyway; but it's all very different as things are now.

"Now we've got a little money—we've got quite a lot in fact—and the change in our outfit would surprise you. Mispronouncing don't go in our shack now any more, everything is so very nice and elegant. All our furniture stands just so and the rugs have to lay on the floor at just such an angle. The shades and the curtains must always be arranged in a precise certain manner and the books and bric-a-brac must always be just where they belong.

"Our table has always got to be fixed up just so prim and there must always be flowers in the middle, and we must always eat in just the correct manner; and we must always wear good clothes, and there's a whole lot of things that we have to do now that I never thought of before; and my two amiable daughters fit into this scheme elegant, do you know? yes, sir, elegant, just as if they never lived any other way, and I get along with a good deal of it all right too, but I can't I actually can't shuck off my old ways of pronouncing, and that gives my daughters a lot of trouble.

"We'll have in some visitors maybe, and we'll all be talking along, and the first thing you know I see my two daughters looking at me, and then I know I've broken some poor word's back or lopped off some of it or got it twisted around some way, and then after the folks have gone they say to me:

"'Father, don't you know how to pronounce so and so?' Then they tell me it's 'so and so,' and I try to remember it, though the way they tell it to me seems very strange.

"You see I've been pronouncing words my way for a good many years, and that's the only way they seem natural to me. Why, honest, since this new arrangement came up I've heard people say words that I never would have recognized at all if I didn't have my mind on this subject, they pronounced 'em so different from my way. I'd have known 'em in print all right, but not the way they said 'em.

"When this thing first came up and I had my first scare on I said once to some visitor we had eating with us, when I came to some word I knew I was sure to bungle, I said 'So and so, or so and so, or whatever way you pronounce it,' I said, and when I said that our visitor didn't seem to notice anything singular about it, but I thought our two daughters would faint, and when our visitor had gone they both said to me:

"'Father, don't ever say that again!'

"I promised I wouldn't, and I haven't; but I'm having a harder time with this pronouncing business than I ever had getting the money. I'm learning some, I think, but I know I still give my daughters much trouble, and they tell me I've got to learn. They tell me there's books about pronouncing that I'll have to get and study; one book with seven thousand words in it and one with ten, and one with twelve, and I says to myself, well, I guess I'll try the little feller first, and I bought one of those little fellers and took a look inside of it, and do you know what I think now? I think I'll take to the woods the next time we have company."

A School for Satan.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I DIED, or dreamed I died, and dreamed I went
Where Satan dwells in his asbestos tent.
"Oh, hurry up." The demon at the door
Greeted me thus, and then I heard him roar:
"Get moving there; come on, pick up yer feet.
Eternity's too short fer blocking up the street."
As I stepped in, I got an awful shunt
And heard a fiendish scream, "Move up in front!"
"How tired I am," thought I, "I'll find a seat,"
While forty devils trod upon my feet.
As I sat down, ah, poor deluded yap,
A spike-tailed devil squatted in my lap.
Then came the Master Fiend, The Big Black Smoke.
I knew 'twas Satan ere The Devil spoke.
He motioned to a hotter room ahead—
"Step lively please," was all The Devil said.
We stepped. No more can truth be hid;
I'd learned where Satan learned these things he did.
"Sit closer, please, when entering the flue'—
Or, earth The Fiend still learns a thing or two.

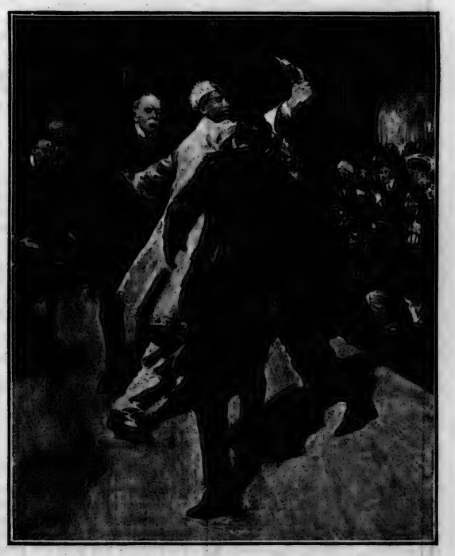
He Feared Reciprocation.

MR. SAM BARKER, the member of Parliament for Hamilton, told a good story recently to a small group of friends at the Rideau Club, Ottawa. Some years ago Mr. Barker was connected with the Great Western Railway, and one day he received a letter from a Canadian then living in the United States. The Canadian was employed in one of the large casket factories of Pittsburg, and the letter paper on which he proffered his request was adorned with realistic cuts of coffins and hearses. The letter set forth that the man wished to return to Canada—and would Mr. Barker kindly send him the necessary transportation?

"That was all right," added the genial member for Hamilton in telling the story, "but the maker of coffins wound up by saying that he would be very pleased at any time to reciprocate."

"And so far," added Mr. Barker, "I am pleased to say he has had no opportunity of reciprocating."

King Alfonso is, perhaps, the youngest monarch who was ever selected to arbitrate on an international dispute, which in the present case is the difference between England and Germany with regard to the Walfisch Bay Territory. Doubtless the Kaiser wished to pay him a special compliment. The late King of Sweden—by reason of his age, his philosophic mind, and his aloofness from the wrangle of international politics—was repeatedly called upon to act as arbitrator, but, of course (remarks the London Chronicle), it was his majesty's jurists who did the judicial work for him. No one will expect King Alfonso himself to study the question now submitted to him with a pot of strong tea at his side and cold bandages round his head.



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF SIR ANDREW FRASER, LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF BENGAL, AT OVERTOWN HALL, CALCUTTA, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1908.

Sir Andrew has been visiting Toronto for some time, being a prominent figure at the Laymen's Missionary Congress last week, while on Monday afternoon last, he addressed the members of the Toronto Canadian Club. On three previous occasions attempts were made to assassinate the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal by anarchists. Sir Andrew Fraser was to preside at a lecture, and with the Maharajah of Burdwan, and Mr. Barber, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was waiting on the platform for the arrival of the lecturer, when a young Bengali rushed forward and thrust a revolver within six inches of his intended victim's face. Twice he pulled the trigger. The first time the weapon missed fire and the second time he was prevented from firing by Mr. Barber, who closed with the man. In the struggle the Maharajah bravely placed himself between the attempted assassin and his intended victim. The picture is from the Graphic, London, and is said to give an excellent idea of the occurrence, while the drawing of Sir Andrew is extremely good, as those who have seen him in Toronto can testify.

BANCROFT
Newest Collar for Fall and Winter
3 for 50c
¼ Sizes
DEMAND THE BRAND
Specially smart, with style and comfort; 1⅝ in. at back; 2½ in. at front. Like all Castle Brand Collars, made better than seems necessary, fits better, wears longer. For style, service and satisfaction, look no further than this brand.
MADE BY HARKER BERLIN

CANADIAN PACIFIC
The Only line from Toronto landing Passengers in New York City
—AT THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, 42ND ST. FOUR TRACK ROUTE.
Departure Times from Toronto
9.30 a.m. 3.20 p.m. 7.15 p.m.
Morning train connects with famous Empire State Express. Evening trains carry through sleeping cars. Unequalled parlor and dining car service.
Reserve Berths at
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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Easter Excursions
Retu n tickets at Single Fare between all stations in Canada, also to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Good Going April 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12th
Return limit April 13th, 1909
Full information and tickets from any Grand Trunk Agent

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
The purest on the market. Ready in a few seconds. Saves time and trouble. Try it. Of all grocers & Stores.

Near Cologne, Germany
Charmingly Situated in the Valley of the Ahr
NEUENAHR
WORLD RENOWNED SPA
for the Cure of Diabetes, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Diseases, as well as Gallstones, Gravel, Nephritis, and Gout.
New Magnificent Kurhaus and Theatre; Grand Concerts; Delightful Excursions; Tennis Courts; Trout Fishing.
First-class accommodation in the KUR-HOTEL, Directly adjoining the Bath-houses.
For Illustrated Booklet apply to TOWN & COUNTRY TRAVEL BUREAU, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York, or to KUR-DIRECTION, Bad Neuenahr, Rhineland, Germany.

DUSKOT DUSKOT
"Duskott" Vacuum Carpet Cleaner. A woman can use it alone. Cleans carpets and rugs on the floor without raising any dust. Write or 'phone today for interesting literature on this machine.
SANITARY CARPET CLEANER CO., Ltd. 123 Bay St., Toronto

FEARMAN'S HAMILTON
Star Brand BACON
is the Best Bacon

MOTORS and MOTORING

THE automobile gets them all! That is, it seems to get everybody who can at all afford to capitulate when overtaken by its fascination. R. J. Fleming, famed as the manager of Toronto Street Railway, is the latest convert to motorism. For years the "People's Bob"—when he really was the "People's Bob"—was an enthusiastic horseman. His "team of spanking bays," like his famous Jerseys, made many a reporter's paragraph. But one day this week the news was published that the bays had been replaced by a motor car.

When Mr. Fleming first became a transportation man he walked from his home on Wells Hill to the Bathurst street cars. Later he had a pony cart convey him to and from the trolley line. Then came the spanking bays. And now he has completed the logical process of evolution in the matter of private transportation by purchasing an automobile. He is like a good many people in this respect. Years ago he used to walk "because he liked the exercise," but when the appearance of the Fleming automobile the other day caused a reporter to drop in on the street railway boss and refer to the subject of exercise, the latter exclaimed:

"Ah, my boy, I haven't time for exercise now."

"Ah, Scorcher, so this is your boy. He's the image of you."—Harper's Weekly.

* * *

Robert Guggenheim has offered a trophy valued at $2,000 to the winner of the big automobile race from New York City to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle. That the trophy may be the finest possible product of the silversmith's art, Mr. Guggenheim has offered a prize of $250 for the best design submitted. He has extended to artists and designers generally an invitation to compete, and there are no restrictions. What Mr. Guggenheim wants is the most artistic design for the best trophy that $2,000 will buy. For the design selected he will pay in cash the sum specified.

Besides the $2,000 trophy offered by Mr. Guggenheim, $5,000 in cash prizes have been offered, and seventy-five foreign and American entries have already been made. The start will be made from New York City some time between May 15 and June 1. The finish will be in the grounds of the Exposition, which open on June 1.

* * *

A noisy automobile is nowadays looked upon with no more indulgence than the noisy bicycle, which, in the palmy days of wheeling, used to be greeted with derisive cries of "Ice!" As to the noise of motors, The Automobile says editorially:

"All the kinds of noises possible in machines emanated from the bowels of some of the earlier types of cars. As it is at the present time, cars must perform noiselessly to be regarded as up to a fitting standard. In this connection it becomes necessary to define what will be regarded as noise relative to sounds which do not class as discordant. That motors will emit a little sound is to be expected, and that the sound can be so agreeable as not to be noticeable is well known. Such sounds are not noise from the point of view taken, and while absolutely silent performance would be most agreeable, the fact remains that such performance is scarcely to be expected.

"In the meantime it is assured that noise is wholly uncalled for, and many are the automobiles to be seen at every hand in which harmony is so entwined as to resolve all sounds into the class called agreeable. That modern transmission construction has a lot to do with this noiseless performance is assured, and the reasons lie in better material, more accurately proportioned parts, thicker walls, and micrometer fits; taking into account limits of tolerance, which automatically compensate for all the variations that follow in the footsteps of necessity—since it is true that no workman can be expected to arrive at the point—on the road called excellence, so very far that a one-inch plug will go into a one-inch hole."

* * *

A writer in The New York Herald writes entertainingly about the quick development of the automobile. He points out that the self-propelled car has advanced much faster in constructive improvement than the steam engine. He reminds us that in the past ten years there has been a revolutionary change in the designing and construction of motor cars. To quote from the article:

"Hardly ten per cent. of the American factories now producing automobiles could have been considered as running systematized organizations ten years ago. To-day the members of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers have very highly developed and extensive production systems and factories. This means practically that a large industry has been established in a decade."

This writer goes on to emphasize the fact that the manufacture of automobiles is practically a science. Highly accurate methods have to be employed in the business; materials of enormous strength and of properties formerly unknown are made use of and the ever changing conditions of motor construction stimulate alertness on the part of those who are taking the initiative as designers and manufacturers. Many men of the highest all-round ability are now connected with this vast and rapidly growing industry.

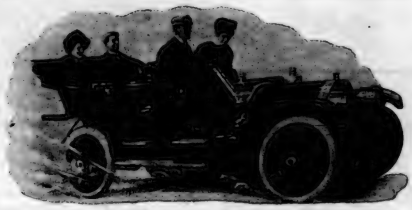
* * *

The German Government in order to be able to defend against the attack of dirigible war balloons or aeroplanes has had the War Office construct two armored motor cars fitted with rapid fire guns, so mounted as to be able to shoot in all directions, including the nearly vertical. One of these machines is completely armored, the other semi-armored. Each has a gasolene engine of 60 horse power, which can drive the car along at 40 miles an hour and thus keep it in touch with a fast airship. Nickel steel an eighth of an inch thick has furnished the material for the plating. In the fully armored car, side entrance, driver's lockout and lateral loopholes for gunners can be closed, while the dome attached to the gun revolves and is equipped with loophole blind. In front are two seats for driver and commanding officer respectively; at the back the gunner's seat, underneath which is provided locker space for 100 balloon shrapnel shells, each with a bursting charge of 40 grammes, about 1.5 ounces, 128 hard lead bullets and 27 pieces of hard lead. Car, gun, ammunition and men in charge weigh over three tons.

* * *

When is Toronto to have an automobile speedway? At Indianapolis work is being pushed on a speedway which the American papers refer to as a five-mile motordrome. There is every indication that the Indiana city will be one of the centres this year not only of automobile racing, but of motorcycle, bicycle and airship contests, for all of which the new course will be utilized.

Pneumatic.



MERIT IS REAPING ITS REWARD IN THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE *Oldsmobile*

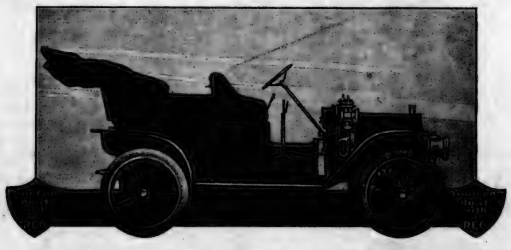
To such an extent, indeed, have the people of Canada shown their appreciation of the OLDSMOBILE this year, that we are rapidly reaching the point where orders will have to be refused.

The fact that within four days of last week, fifteen cars were contracted for, will serve as an indication of the rapidity with which our 1909 output is being disposed of.

There is only one unfortunate feature of this great success, namely, that some people are bound to be disappointed, by reason of procrastination in getting in their orders.

It is becoming increasingly evident that we are going to be sold out much earlier this year than ever before—within a few weeks at the outside—we, therefore, suggest the advisability of letting us have your requirements at once.

THE OLDSMOBILE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
FREDERICK SAGER, Manager — TORONTO — W. L. STONEBURN, City Sales Manager



The REO Why

Why REO cars do more for $1,250 than many cars do for double the money——
Why REO engines have such tremendous driving-power, and running and climbing ability——
Why REOS show such steady, strong, unfailing reliability in the face of the worst conditions——
Why REOS win the efficiency and economy contests they enter, and are handicapped out of others——
Why the 1909 REOS are better than ever——
All these questions are fully and convincingly answered in the 1909 REO catalogue. If you want full motor-car value for your money, you ought to write for this book to-day.

Reo Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited
St. Catharines, Ontario

A CAR TO BE PROUD OF
At last the great problems of Weight, Vibration, Noise and Economy are solved.
In the 1909 six-cylinder Thomas Flyer (40 h.p.) we believe w have a car that marks a new era in automobile construction—a marvel of simplicity and efficiency—a car that may be run at from 5 to 50 miles per hour on high gear.

The average automobile weighs five or six times its passenger capacity. The 6-40 Thomas Flyer weighs but little more than twice its passenger capacity, reducing the cost of tires, operation and maintenance one half.
Extremely artistic in appearance, it is a car to be proud of for its beauty, style and luxury and to appreciate for its extraordinary silence, smoothness and easy running on rough roads.
HUTCHINSON-MENZIE, LIMITED
126 Simcoe Street. TORONTO.

SPORTING COMMENT

IT was the best man won when a stodgy little fellow, with broad shoulders and muscular arms, made a magnificent sprint and crossed the tape at the New Polo grounds in New York recently to the frenzied shouting of about thirty thousand people. It wouldn't have been considered a great sprint for a quarter-miler; but for a little man who had just run twenty-six miles—not to speak of the extra yards—on water-soaked ground through drizzling rain, it was little short of marvellous. So here's where we take off our hats to you, Henri St. Yves! You are the speediest and gamest little waiter that ever waited, and if you are a sensible fellow and make time while the Marathon shines you will never have to wait again.

As for Longboat—once the great Tom, but now Longboat the fallen—his athletic epitaph is written, and all his great achievements and still greater promise are covered by the words "I told you so." That is, of course, if he does not take a thought and mend his evil ways. But as Tom has shown that the possession of the finest legs in the world does not necessarily imply the possession of even ordinary brains, there does not seem to be much room to hope for him. The people who know Tom best have always regarded him as a no-account Indian, and even in his palmiest days they had to bully him and beat him into subjection before they could do anything with him. Furthermore, the Onondaga is "yellow." He is not game, in the sense that such men as Dorando are game, and if things are not going his way he simply sulks. And if they get more than usually bad he "quits," as he did at the Polo grounds in this very race. But at the same time there are many people who believe, and with reason, that the lanky redman is the greatest distance runner in the world, and that if he were to train and behave himself properly, there is no runner alive to-day who could take his measure. Certainly this last race can hardly be said to be an altogether conclusive test of his merits, as it is a matter of common knowledge that he had done nothing for months and was in really very poor condition. There can therefore be very little sympathy for him in his defeat, however Canadians may regret to see their only representative in the race so badly beaten.

Every one of the nations represented naturally wanted to see their own man win. Frenchmen rooted for St. Yves, Britains were enthusiastic for Shrubb, while Americans were all for Hayes or Maloney. But there was one man that almost universal favorite for second place—one man whom everybody was anxious to see come in next to their own special representative. And that man was Dorando. The little Italian has made himself a great favorite with Marathon fans, and there is no one whose victory would have met with more general satisfaction. And he has won this place in the esteem of sport-lovers entirely by his own merits. He has been willing to run at all times and against all opponents; he has never squabbled about terms and divisions of profits, and he has always run for all that was in him and to the very end. The game spirit he displayed at the Olympic Marathon, in which, though defeated by Hayes, he was the real hero of the event, has stayed with him ever since, and he has again and again proved his right to be regarded as the pluckiest little runner in the game.

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE
Rival Crews in the Inter-'Varsity Boat Race.

* * *

THE same day that the Marathon race took place in New York, an event which attracted fully as much attention in England as the other did in America, was pulled off on the Thames. "Pulled off" is used advisedly, for the event in question was the inter-'Varsity boat race between Cambridge and Oxford. And like the Marathon, the result was a great surprise to the wise ones. No one had thought for a moment that Oxford had a chance—no one except the enthusiasts whose opinions don't count. It had been accepted very generally as a foregone conclusion that Cambridge would win, because of the fine form of their crew and the presence of Stuart as stroke, after having thrice in succession carried them through to victory. Furthermore the Oxford eight had been in a very disorganized condition up to within a few weeks of the race. But you know the old proverb about the unexpected. It proved true once more, for Oxford with a freshman stroke who was rowing in his first 'Varsity race beat Cambridge thoroughly and beyond all question, and now the dopesters are trying to figure out how it all happened. The only explanation seems to be the very natural and obvious one that the Oxonians were the better men. They rowed fully as well as their opponents, and they gave evidence of possessing a great deal more stamina. They were able to keep to the heart-breaking pace till the very end, while the Cambridge men weakened under the strain.

In view of all this, one cannot help feeling a little surprised at the persistency with which the Cambridge crew remained favorites in the betting. What makes it still more astonishing is that the Oxford crew in their trial rows made a couple of records for the river. A few days before the race they rowed their first trial over the full course of four and a quarter miles, covering the distance in eighteen minutes and twenty-one seconds, which is twenty-six seconds better than the best previous time. Not satisfied with this they got out next day and smashed another record. After this it seems as though people ought to have awakened to their real position.

* * *

A SPLENDID score made recently at the weekly revolver shoot of the Toronto Revolver Club calls attention to a sport which seldom engages public notice. The score of ninety-four in question was made by Mr. A. Rutherford, a member of the Club, who made seven bulls and three eights at a distance of twenty yards. A standard American target was used and he shot with a .45 Colt offhand, using no rest. This is the best score on record in Canada made under those conditions. There was also a score of ninety-one made, and the general average of shooting was very high. As said above, this is a sport which does not engage much popular attention, and is apt to be regarded more as a fad than anything else. There is therefore all the more reason for pointing out that it is a good sport, and also one which is apt to become useful at some time or other. The revolver is the citizen's natural weapon of defence, and there is every reason that if he is going to carry one he should know how to use it. Instead of increasing the destruction of life this will act as a very salutary check on it. It is seldom the crack-shot who kills a man, but generally the dub who doesn't know how to handle a revolver, and so either hits a man by accident or in his nervous terror shoots before he has proper reason to do so.

* * *

NOT only are they playing a good deal of lacrosse in England, but they are also playing a pretty good sort of game. In the recent match between the North and South, in which the North won by nine to four, it was remarked that the style of playing was rapidly approaching the Canadian standard. The passing was rapid and accurate, and the combination-playing was heady and efficient. If they keep on at this rate the day may not be so very far distant, when English teams will be coming over to Canada to contest for the supremacy in the great national sport.

* * *

A NUMBER of old memories of the ring are awakened by the announcement that Jem Mace, the once famous English pugilist, has applied for an old age pension. He is now in his seventy-eighth year. He has given boxing exhibitions latterly, and a month ago was giving a sketch entitled "Catching a Tartar" at a Hull music-hall, but the money earned was insufficient to keep him in comfort, and he has been helped by friends. In the prize ring he earned considerable sums, but his investments did not prove successful. He is at present residing with a niece in Clerkenwell.

"Jem" Mace, who was born at Beeston, near Swaffham, in Norfolk, in 1831, was in his day undoubtedly one of the finest boxers who ever lived. His first great fight was when he beat Bill Thorpe in eighteen rounds.

After the redoubtable Tom Sayers, the conqueror of Heenan, retired from the championship in 1860, Mace was regarded as his legitimate successor, but his supremacy was soon challenged by the famous Tom King. The two met on a wet, cold and cheerless morning in January, 1862, when after forty-three rounds of really scientific boxing Mace was given the verdict.

This victory set Mace on the pinnacle of his fame, and for the next ten years or so he was practically invincible. No more clever and

(Continued on page 20.)

"I am going to smoke a pipe, Henry. Tell me what tobacco to buy."

"Meerschaum Cut Plug, sir. It is an absolutely pure tobacco.
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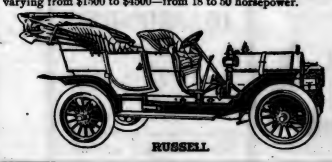

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DRAMA

JULIE OPP.
In "The World and His Wife."

SOME said, "Call the censor," others said, "Not so."

Some said, "It's mighty good," others said, "No."

The shade of Bunyan may feel that there is an apology coming to it for using as an introduction to a review of "The Soul Kiss" a parody of certain lines which John wrote when he was a good live tinker and had not yet degenerated into a mere classic. But while cordially admitting that all's well that has a good finish, it is also advisable to have a good beginning. And who would do better than honest John? Besides there is in this case the further desirability of bringing an air of sanctity to the consideration of what some people seem to regard as a particularly unsanctified object.

Before pointing out how good a show "The Soul Kiss" is as an entertainment, perhaps it would be well to try to decide just how bad a show it is as a treatise on "the whole duty of man." On this point there seems to be a very notable diversity of opinion among the critics. Some seem to hold that the show would be a very good one (theatrically) if it wasn't so bad (morally), while others simply reverse it and claim that it would be bad if it wasn't so good. Personally we (there are times when the editorial *we* is a refuge and a comfort) are inclined to favor the latter view. It must be admitted that there are a few bits of dialogue and a snatch or two of song which are—well, a trifle "high." They allude a little too frankly to the things which everyone knows about but doesn't always like to be told about. Besides the spring is with us now, when, as even so respectable a poet as Tennyson pointed out, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and there really isn't any need of adding to the sultriness of the atmosphere. Now these are the things—there are only a few of them and they don't amount to much either—which would be a little naughty if the show wasn't so good. That is, they might have a slightly bad influence on a susceptible mind, if they were allowed to soak in, and if one was given a chance to think them over and let them ferment. But that is precisely what does not happen. The pace is too swift, there is too much doing, and the whole tone of the piece is too rollickingly hilarious for these things to be more than noticed in passing and to give a sort of spicy touch to the opening scenes of the show. They are not insisted on in the entertainment, and it seems rather unfair to drag them out and hold them under a microscope in the retrospect. At the worst they are merely superficial blemishes on a rattling fine show.

As for the good qualities of the piece, their number is quite a few. It is a great big vaudeville show, full of interesting features, superbly staged, cleverly played, and boasting one of the largest and prettiest collections of chorus ladies seen here for many a moon. In fact more than one spectator (though I can speak with assurance for only one) was inclined to agree with Mephisto that he would play the soul-kisser's part just for the fun of the thing. And then, of course, there was Adeline Genee. After seeing her one is apt to formulate a new creed of terpsichorean art, to the effect that "there is no dancing but ballet-dancing, and Adeline is its prophetess." For bird-like grace and lightness, for a certain nameless daintiness suggesting nothing so much as a frolicsome canary, for a nimbleness and agility almost beyond the power of human nerve and sinew, and also for an exquisite sense of harmony and fitness, Adeline Genee is absolutely unparalleled. She is first and there is no second. She inherits from the great race of the old ballet-dancers, and involuntarily as one watches her one recalls stories of Taglioni and the Vestris and the days they adorned. There were dancers then, but we are not altogether destitute, for we can still point to at least one. And when we watch her marvellous grace and agility, we can still quote, with as much sincerity as ever the old-timers, the words of Shakespeare:

"When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' th' sea, that you might ever do nothing but that."

* * *

"MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" is one of those shows which have a tendency to make the critics feel properly humble. It shows them where their influence fails, and calls attention to the fact that the public has a way of deciding for itself whether or not it likes a dramatic performance. Now the critics as a rule haven't cared much for Mrs. Wiggs and her ways. They have considered the whole thing too conventional, the characters too stereotyped, the dialogue thin, and the scenes that, and have found other faults too numerous to mention. But the public has thought otherwise. The great mass of theatre-goers have decided that they like Mrs. Wiggs and her homely philosophy and her big-hearted ways. They have grown fond of her and of Lovey Mary and all the other denizens of the Patch, and they show an unfailing interest in their fortunes. Thus on the present return visit of the show to Toronto, the attendance has been as large as ever, and the enthusiasm shows no signs of waning. Wherefore the disgruntled critic may sadly hang his diminished head and weep feebly into his opera-hat, as he listens to the applause which nightly fills the Royal Alexandra.

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(*Concluded on page* 18.)

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MUSIC

MLLE. GEORGIE STRAUSS
With Ivan Abramson's Italian Grand Opera Co., at the Princess the latter half of next week.

NO man has done more for the cause of Grand Opera in America than Ivan Abramson. When he announced a season of grand opera at regular theatre prices the New York newspapers ridiculed the idea and cited numerous instances of disastrous failure, but, undaunted, he persevered, and before long he had his theatre crowded at every performance. He had no great names to draw the crowd. He simply gave a good, uniform performance, such as one sees all over the continent, and the real lovers of opera came. His company was made up of competent but unknown singers recruited from all over the world, and he never was afraid to give a young singer a start. When the New York season closed, the company went on the road. There it met with all kinds of luck. Some towns would have none of it, others welcomed it with open arms and demanded return engagements. One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Abramson is his attitude toward the public as reflected by the box office. I have seen him when there were more people on the stage than there were in the front of the house, and his enthusiasm was just as glowing as when the house was packed. It may be an obsession, but he was always more willing to discuss the artistic side of his work than the commercial. To him it is a devotion, and which is the secret of his success. He never has trouble with his artists, because they sooner or later find that he is so interested in their work and that their interests are his interests, that they submit to almost anything in the way of road discomforts rather than be separated from his management.

Now he has a plan that ought to make a strong appeal. He wants to organize a company along the same lines that he has always worked, with the exception of the chorus which will be more or less of a training school for operatic aspirants, thus insuring young, fresh, well-trained voices for this important but neglected department. This company is to give long seasons of opera in Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg and other Canadian cities, in fact it will be the Canadian Opera Company. Wherever Mr. Abramson has broached his plan he has been most cordially received. Of course to carry it on successfully it will be necessary to interest local music-lovers, and secure a certain amount of subscriptions, but this should be an easy matter, considering Mr. Abramson's uniform success in handling such companies, and it is to be hoped that sufficient interest will be shown here to assure Toronto at least four weeks of grand opera each season.

For his repertoire Mr. Abramson will draw on the modern French and Russian schools, using, of course, the standard favorites whenever advisable. The great successes of the present Paris season have been scored by the new Russian composers, and these with Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon," will be adequately presented. When Mr. Abramson produced "The Demon" in New York the critics were amazed at its lyric beauties, yet it has never been heard at the Metropolitan.

Another fine feature of the Canadian Opera Company will be the opportunity for gaining the necessary operatic experience here at home. A young singer with operatic aspirations has to go to Europe, and, after weary waiting, get a meagre opening in some little theatre where the entire company is disagreeable antagonistic and the ensemble wretched. But if Mr. Abramson is successful our young singers can begin in the chorus and grow into familiarity with the repertoire by daily experience that is practical.

It is not out of place to refer to Mr. Abramson's Italian Grand Opera that will pay a return visit to the Princess next week, this time with Mr. Norcross as manager. All of the favorites that made friends when they appeared here before the holidays, are still with the company, and there are also some additions, notably Mlle. Bertozzi, a young and beautiful soprano. The repertoire for the four performances beginning next Thursday is "Il Trovatore," "Lucia," "Carmen" and "Fedora." I trust that the interest excited by the former visit will ensure full houses. One felt sorry for those who were missing such an opportunity to hear opera better presented than in most of the European opera houses, and with a more uniform ensemble than one hears even in the Metropolitan or the Manhattan.

• • •

The recital given by Miss Kate Archer's very talented pupil, Miss Eleano Kains, in St. George's Hall was as delightful an affair as one could wish to hear. Miss Kains and the young ladies who assisted her, Miss Flora McDonald, a pupil of Mr. Welsman, and Miss Charlotte Harris, soprano, pupil at Westminster College, had chosen numbers well within the range of their powers, and the resulting ease and repose were very reposeful. The opening number, the Grieg piano and violin "Sonata, Op. 13," showed careful sincere preparation, and ample technical equipment, with fine balance of tone. In her solo numbers Miss Kains had the sympathetic support of Miss Archer at the piano, and their playing of Wieniawski's "Legende" was one of the treats of the evening. Miss McDonald has a beautiful touch and splendid technique, a technique that was never obtrusive but always adequate. She is a very musicianly young pianiste. Miss Harris has an appealing voice and plenty of temperament. Her interpretation of Clay's "Sands o' Dee" was remarkable. She evidently sees what she sings. All the teachers of these more than promising pupils are to be congratulated, and Miss Archer especially for the excellently balanced programme.

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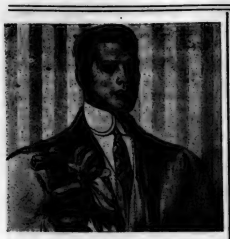

THE CALL OF EASTER

With Easter Sunday comes an imperious summons to the man who pays any attention whatever to things Sartorial—an insistent demand that now, as at no other time of the year—he must recognize the importance of being properly "turned out."

Of all the articles of a man's outer attire, tradition seems to have taught us that at Easter Time the neckwear and the gloves are of paramount import.

IN CRAVATS we are showing some new and beautiful effects in Diagonal Stripes, bronze and dull green being the predominating ground colors.

Then there is a most attractive variety of Paisley Patterns, comprising various delicate shades of blue, grey, and heliotrope.

Many will doubtless be attracted by a recently-imported lot of crepe de chine, comprising an exceptionally wide range of solid colors—among them many novelty shades such as sulphur, salmon, flesh color, old rose, and champagne.

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At this Season of the year, the grey suede with one pearl button, again comes into favor for all formal day occasions. (Silk lining is optional.)

There is, however, a notable alternative this year—a hand-stitched cape in sage green or steel grey that lends itself admirably to either formal wear or everyday use.

Apart from these, the prevailing favorites for regular day wear will be light tans and ox bloods.

APRIL

Easter brings certain obligations, both personal and social. Usage calls for a freshening, a brightening up in attire. Our Spring Toggery

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ANECDOTAL

A GOOD story is just now being told concerning a well-known Member of Parliament, who has lately returned from a trip through Italy, Being of a somewhat gouty temperament, he is in the habit of using saccharin tablets instead of sugar.

The story goes that, sitting in a Naples cafe a few weeks ago, he had just taken one of the well-known tablets from a bottle in his pocket and, having put it in his coffee, was raising the cup to his mouth, when the waiter violently knocked it out of his hand, exclaiming:

"If you want to poison yourself, do it somewhere else."

* * *

WHEN Bonaparte Blubell announced his engagement to Lily Doe everybody in the blacksmith's shop congratulated him on winning such a hard-working and forehanded mate. But Erastus Coke remarked:

"Peared lak you wouldn't never speak up, Bonaparte. It's going on six months sence you begun to fiddle roun' Lily."

"Dat's so," Bonaparte frankly admitted, "but I didn't lose mah job till las' night."

* * *

IT was her first ball game. She lived in Pittsburg, too. Yet there she sat in the crowded grand stand, gazing out at her home team battling against the Chicago Cubs for the pennant.

"Harry," she inquired, during a lull in the excitement, "which is the great Wagner?"

Her escort gallantly pointed out the famous Pittsburg shortstop.

"My!" exclaimed she, after scanning Honus's bow-legged figure awhile, "who'd ever think that man could write operas!"

* * *

A LADY was suddenly jerked off the steps by the premature starting of a Shoreditch tramcar, the other day. When the car was started the conductor was on the roof; when the lady had been picked up from the road, he came down and promptly said he was sorry. Questioned in the County Court as to why he was sorry, he said he was always sorry; it was a printed instruction of the Metropolitan Electric Tramways Company that he had to be sorry.

"Does the rule say," persisted counsel, "'fetch a cushion or a cab,' or 'See the lady taken to the hospital'?"

"No," responded the conductor, with the air of a Mede or a Persian of ancient days, "it simply says be sorry, and therefore I was."

* * *

THE father of Reginald is very much opposed to nicknames, and when he heard his offspring refer to another boy as Billy the stern parent remonstrated.

"Why do you call your little playmate Billy?" demanded the father of Reginald. "You surely must know that Billy is not his proper name."

"Yes, sir," replied Reginald. "His right name is Bill, but we call him Billy for short."

* * *

SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM (speaking at a dinner) told of a young man he once heard of who was paying attention to a lady to the great disgust of her father, who remonstrated very kindly with him. The father said: "If I see you in this house again I shall kick you out."

The young man came back the very next day.

"I told you what would happen," said the father, and it did happen.

The young man did not appear for about five weeks, and then one day the father saw him coming toward the house, and immediately went and opened the front door.

"Haven't you had enough?" said the old man. "Have you come again to see my daughter?"

"No, no," replied the other. "I have come on behalf of the president of our football club."

* * *

DURING a snowstorm on the Highland Railway a train was held up for an hour or two. The guard, a cheery Scot, passed along the carriages trying to keep up the spirits of the passengers. An old gentleman angrily complained that if the train didn't go on he would "die of cold."

"Tak' my advice an' no dae that," replied the guard. "Min' y', we chairge a shillin' a mile for corpses."

ONE winter's evening in the city of Belfast, when a water inspector was going his round, he stopped at one of the mains in a busy street to turn off the water owing to some repairs. He had just put the handle on the tap and begun turning when a hand was placed on his shoulder. Looking round, he was confronted by a tipsy gentleman, who said, in a drunken tone:

"So I have found you at last, have I? It's you that's turning the street round, is it?"

* * *

A YOUNG Canadian humorist who went over to England, hoping to find London editors in receptive mood, forwarded a contribution to Punch with this note:

"Dear Sir—I arrived in London this morning and paid a visit to Westminster Abbey this afternoon. I found this call depressing, for a man naturally shrinks from inspecting the spot where he is to be buried."

* * *

RICHARD GRANT WHITE once said that a radical reform in English spelling is, first, unnecessary, second, undesirable, and third, impossible, thus recalling the story of the old Scottish preacher, who, upon meeting one of his hearers after the services, inquired how he liked the sermon.

"I dinna like it," he said, "for three rizzens—first, ye read it; second, ye dinna read it weel, and third, it was na worth readin'."

* * *

PAT had been delegated by his fellow-employees to tell Mrs. Casey the news of her husband's accidental death. On the way to the Casey home, Pat pondered on how to break the news to the widow. Finally he hit on what to him seemed a most humane way of preparing Mrs. Casey for the sad news. Knowing the violent hatred which Mrs. Casey, as well as all loyal Irishmen, have for the A. P. A., he said on greeting the woman:

"Ah, Mrs. Casey, it is bad news I have to bring you. Your husband, Mike, has turned an A. P. A."

"Mike turned A. P. A.! The scoundrel, I hope he is dead."

"He is," answered Pat.

* * *

ROBERT has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard:

"How do you like your stepmother, Bob?"

"Like her! Why, fellers, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."

* * *

A LITTLE girl came down to dessert at a dinner party, and sat next to her mother. This lady was much occupied in talking to her neighbors, and omitted to give the child anything to eat. After some time the little girl, unable to bear it any longer, with sobs rising in her throat, held up her plate, and said:

"Does anybody want a clean plate?"

* * *

THE garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched load-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water? No, there—right over there!"

The guide was busy rebaiting the old gentleman's hook, and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady, in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing, and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."

A LINEUP of jurymen appeared before a certain judge and every man explained that it would mean disaster to him to serve at that term of court—all but a little fellow at the tail end of the line.

"You have no excuse to offer?" asked the surprised Judge.

"No, sir."

"Haven't got a sick mother-in-law needing your attention?"

"No, sir; I ain't married."

"What about your crop?"

"Don't raise anything."

"No fence to fix up?"

"Haven't got a fence on the place."

"You think you can spare the time to serve on a jury two weeks?"

"Sure."

The Judge sat a while and meditated. Reaching over he whispered to the clerk, who shook his head in perplexity. Then the Judge's curiosity got the better of him.

"You're the only man who's got the time to serve your country as a juryman," he said. "Would you mind telling me how it happens?"

"Sure not," said the little man promptly. "I heard you was going to try Jake Billings this term. He shot a dog o' mine oncet."

* * *

THE class in very elementary chemistry was having one of its early sessions. The matter of seawater came up. "Peters," said the teacher, "can you tell me what is it that makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"Salt," said Peters.

"Next!" said the teacher. "What is it makes the water of the sea so salty?"

"The salty quality of the sea-water," answered "Next," "is due to the admixture of a sufficient quantity of chloride of sodium to impart to the aqueous fluid with which it commingles a saline flavor, which is readily recognized by the organs of taste!"

"Right, Next," said the teacher. "Go up one!"

* * *

CHILDREN all over the world enjoy the "Mother Game," but it remained for an American four-year-old to give the modern touch.

"Come on and play Father and Mother," cried a playmate. "I want to be the father!"

"No, Billy," she replied, with decision. "We're going to have plenty of money—we won't need any father!"

* * *

WHEN Christian Science began to find firm footing in a certain city, the little son of a prominent woman, who had embraced the faith and was urging others to take it up, was out of school one day or two because of sickness. When the youngster returned his teacher, who was well along in years and possessed an inquiring mind, engaged the youngster in conversation.

"Been sick, Joe?"

"Yes'm."

"Sick enough to be in bed?"

"Yes'm."

"What did your mother do for you, Joe, while you ached in bed?" asked the teacher, now all expectancy for the reply.

"She mended my trousers," lisped Joe.

* * *

THE sad scenes on the Republic at the time of the recent disaster were not wholly without humorous incidents. A bald-headed gentleman was accosted by a woman whose hair was streaming down her back, and who asked him excitedly if he had a comb about him. Describing the incident, he says:

"I looked at her very sadly. Then I took off my hat."

* * *

OF curious prayers an English writer says: "I have heard a layman utter this petition during his prayer: 'O Lord, be Thou with us in our upsittings and our downrisings'—a variant of the text in the Psalms, 'Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising.' A minister occasionally introduced a Latin sentence into his prayer, and forthwith proceeded to translate it. Another minister in his early days experienced considerable difficulty with the long prayer before the sermon. In nonconformist churches this usually occupies a quarter of an hour, but long before this period had been reached he was wound up. On one occasion, while in this dilemma, he startled his hearers with the words, 'And now, O Lord, I will relate unto Thee a little anecdote!'"

When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand you get the best coffee that can be produced.

And it is the same to-day, to-morrow and next year. It never varies.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Old Furniture, Rare China, and Antiques in General

These are features that add to the attractiveness of the home. In purchasing such goods it is important to deal with a reputable firm. JENKINS ANTIQUES are authentic, and their intrinsic worth is apparent to the connoisseur.

B. M. & T. Jenkins

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Testimony From a High Authority as to the Value of Orange Meat.

IN an address to the Canadian Association of the Master Bakers at their Convention held in London, Ont., August 14th and 15th, 1906, Professor Harcourt, of the Guelph Agricultural College, said among other things as follows: Various types of breakfast foods may be roughly divided into the following classes: 1st, The uncooked, such as granulated oats, etc., which require long cooking to make them palatable and aid digestion; 2nd, Partially cooked, such as rolled and flaked grains. In this process the cell walls are ruptured by the crushing, consequently they require less time in their preparation for the table; 3rd, Cooked foods; 4th, Foods termed pre-digested, such as Orange Meat, etc.

A large number of foods have been analyzed and some of the results are incorporated in the following table. In nearly every case the figures are the average of a number of analyses:

	Calories per gram.
Orange Meat	2,968
White Bread	2,721
Entire Wheat Bread	2,486
Graham Bread	2,610

This shows the great advantage in favor of Orange Meat as a heat producer.

"Tronco" Port

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TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

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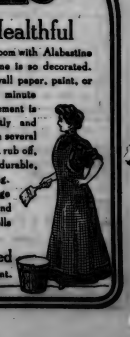
CHURCH'S COLD WATER Alabastine

Artistic and Healthful

No one who has ever decorated a room with Alabastine can rest content until the whole home is so decorated. Alabastine tints have more tone than wall paper, paint, or whiting-and-glue preparations. The minute rock crystals, of which this hygienic cement is made, reflect the rays of light softly and cheerfully—and actually make the room several degrees brighter. Alabastine does not rub off, peel, crack or decay. It is the most durable, healthful and economical wall covering. Your hardware dealer sells 5 lb. package 50c. Our book "Homes, Healthful and Beautiful," mailed free on request, tells how to do artistic work.



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LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

Lea's

"TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistence

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co., LIMITED
SIMCOE, ONT.

The sale of
DEWAR'S
"Special Liqueur"
increases yearly!

TOMLIN'S BREAD

Is and has been the leading bread in Toronto. Thousands of particular people prefer to have the best. They use

TOMLIN'S

PHONE COLLEGE 3561

Massive in appearance, yet simple in construction.

Artistic in design—perfect in quality and finish.

When Fitting Up Your Bath Room Don't Overlook "Alexandra Ware"

This is the ware you hear so favorable comments on—the kind that invariably gives satisfaction.

Constructed of cast iron, covered with heavy porcelain enamel,

"ALEXANDRA WARE"

simply cannot crack. In this respect it is a vast improvement over those porous fire-clay baths, erroneously named and marketed as "Solid Porcelain Ware."

It is this "non-cracking" feature of "ALEXANDRA WARE" that places it in a class by itself from a hygienic standpoint.

Sanitation being the principal feature to give thought to in fitting out a bathroom, "ALEXANDRA WARE" naturally is the first choice, by reason of the above mentioned feature alone. It has in addition, however, many other qualities to recommend it, including beautiful finish, excellent design, simplicity of construction.

The Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Sales Offices and Show Rooms Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg

Head Office and Factories Port Hope, Canada

Lady Gay's Column

THERE is no bit of millinery which marks the change (development some people call it) of the female half of humanity so curtly and clearly as the "cottage bonnet," which has once more made a bid for favour with the lady hunting up Easter headgear. This simple, sweet finish to my lady's outdoor toilet doesn't look well on the average woman of to-day, being out of touch and tone with her, as much as would be paper soled sandal-slippers and bottles of smelling salts. The woman of to-day rarely has dimples, and never "casts down her eyes with a blush." She doesn't part her hair and brush it smoothly back after she is sixteen years old; her temperament, as well as her appearance and manner, is changed. She is no longer possible in a cottage bonnet, whether at twenty-five or sixty, and the cottage bonnet woman being almost as extinct as the dodo, we yearn for her!

To-day closes the season of Lent, and with it passes for many a deep psychic possibility. What Lent has meant to some people each year amounts to self-discovery, and influences their whole after-lives. What Lent has meant to some of us, of patient effort for ourselves or for others is another thing, but if in the last five weeks we have not gotten in touch with something helpful, whether sad or glad, which belongs particularly to the season and its occult influences, it is rather a tinkling of cymbals to wish ourselves a happy Easter. When one is very young, one satisfies oneself with the generally joyous and springtime feeling which is expressed in the bursting buds, the fragrant earth smell, the busy twitter of birds about their house building, all the ever new and ever well-worn sentiments and influences, but when one has passed the season of "la joie de vivre," one may easily be repelled instead of attracted by the spring, and grunt forth misanthropic disapproval of the whole institution. Therein is the cry of the older soul (if souls may be called old or young) for sometime deeper and more lasting than a season's capricious atmosphere. If one secures that in Lenten time, one is able to meet the lesser things of spring with an appreciation both joyous and full.

To the very practical person, who has a firm belief that the mills of God grind slowly, the proposal to evangelize the world in twenty-five years sounds rather like a dream of the age which is putting speed before everything else. Without enthusiasm or prejudice for or against this scheme, it was proposed by a huge body of men whose personality was worth studying if only out of curiosity. Apart from the phalanx whose duty it was to shout amen to any pious scheme, there were financiers, busy merchants, longheaded politicians, keen scientists, thoughtful writers, deep readers, and a rank and file of hustlers and crude forces. They all demanded money, bales of money, first, last and in the middle. And above and behind them all there came to some listening ears the sweet, faint voice of the Nazarene, saying "Take neither purse nor script," and the contrast in way of working led to the reflection that there are things money cannot do or buy, which are particularly desirable in the enterprise of evangelizing the world.

A correspondent writes: "Thanks for the book about Naples. I've got it, and will read it on the ship. Now, I am going over your last summer itinerary and want some books (not guide-books) about the Channel Islands and Holland." My good child, you had better be content with Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" for Guernsey and "Carette of Sark" for the fascinating "Pearl Island"; also "A Pearl of Pearl Island" is said to be grand, but I've not had time to read it. For Holland, get "The Botor Chaperone," a rushing sort of tale, but you won't have much leisure to read between the Islands and Holland. And all good luck go with you, and please present my dearest regards to the old dame at the mill in Laren and everyone who shows the faintest recollection of

LADY GAY.

Tea grown at an elevation of 5,000 feet and upwards, where soil and climate combine to give that delightful fragrance and delicious flavor, is used in "Salada." Its purity and strength make it much more economical to use than other teas.

"Make yourself at home," growled the old man. "You won't make anything of yourself at college."

Society at the Capital

THE third and last of the receptions given by the wives of the Cabinet Ministers on Wednesday evening was perhaps the most brilliant of the series, over five hundred guests being present. As on the former occasions of the kind, the arrangement of the floral decorations was very effective with luxuriant palms banked high around the walls of the spacious room, half of which was utilized by the younger set for dancing. Cut flowers filled the air with fragrance and were artistically intermingled with the masses of greenery. The hostesses were Mrs. Frank Oliver, beautifully gowned in soft gray satin heavily embroidered in dull gold; Lady Borden, extremely handsome in a satin gown of a lovely shade of amethyst; Mrs. Fielding, in white satin with drapings of rich lace; Mrs. William Paterson gowned in black satin with cut jet trimmings and touches of pale blue in the hair; Madame Lemieux, in an exquisite sequinned gown over pale blue satin; Mrs. Allan B. Aylesworth, also wearing a very handsome sequinned gown, silver over white satin; Mrs. William Pugsley in royal blue satin; Mrs. G. P. Graham, in primrose satin; Mrs. William Templeman and Miss Murphy, both in very handsome robes of grey satin with lace trimmings. During the evening an additional pleasure was given those present by the rendering of several exceedingly sweet vocal solos by Miss Mamie Babin and Mr. Murphy. Although invitations were extended only until eleven o'clock everyone was so very loth to leave that it was long after midnight when the gathering broke up. The guests included a long list of sessional visitors and a much larger number of citizens of the Capital than on the two former similar occasions.

Mrs. Edward Fauquier gave a charmingly arranged tea on Thursday afternoon in special honor of Miss S. Cambie, of Vancouver, B.C., a former Ottawan, who has been a much feted visitor during her stay in town where she has so many warm friends. Miss Grace Ritchie and Miss Alice Fitzpatrick did the honors of the teatable which was particularly pretty with crimson and white carnations and red-shaded candelabra. Those assisting were the hostess' pretty sister, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Edith Fielding, Miss Ethel Palmer, Miss Claire McCullough, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Elsie Cotton, Miss Edith Powell and Miss Elinor Bate. Among the guests was a party from Government House including the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Dorothy Onslow, Miss Margaret Lyttleton and Miss Gladys Hanbury-Williams, the other guests including principally Mrs. Fauquier's married friends. The same popular visitor was also the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Edith Powell on Friday, and a most enjoyable luncheon at the Golf Club on Saturday at which Mrs. John Gilmour was the hostess. Miss Mary Scott invited a few friends to meet Miss Cambie at the Golf Club on Saturday at the tea-hour and Mrs. Barrett Dewar entertained also at the tea-hour in her honor on Monday.

Lord and Lady Herbert, who for several weeks past have been guests of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey at Government House, left early in the week for New York whence they later sailed for their home in England. Lady Grey and a party consisting of the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Lady Dorothy Onslow, Miss Margaret Lyttleton and Mr. Leveson Gower, paid a short visit to Niagara Falls during the week returning to town on Thursday, and on Friday Her Excellency invited a number of guests to tea at Government House to meet Dr. Gleason, the famous American lecturer and Mrs. Gleason, the former of whom gave a most interesting illustrated lecture on "The Canadian Alps." Lady Grey received in the Racquet Court and was assisted by Lady Evelyn Grey, Her Excellency wearing a very handsome gown of crimson brocade, Lady Evelyn being becomingly robed in old rose. Flowers in profusion decorated the Racquet Court where tea was served before the lecture, and also the ball-room, where Sir John Hanbury-Williams addressed a few words to the audience in introducing the lecturer, who kept his listeners exceedingly interested with his glowing descriptions and excellent colored illustrations for over an hour. Lord Grey with Captain Newton, A.D.C., is at present in New York and will not return until Tuesday.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, April 5, 1909.

Lucky Editor Roosevelt—to have a long vacation promised him so soon after getting his job!—Providence Journal.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

—56 YEARS' GROWTH IN MERCHANDISING—

HANDSOME SHOWING OF SUITS, COSTUMES AND EVENING WRAPS

Fashion Dictates From Paris and New York

Graceful specimens of that indescribable suit elegance, exquisitely tailored, and tastefully trimmed, in all the novel designs from Parisian and New York Firms. Simplicity seems to be the keynote of all the new Costumes, the colors being perhaps the most distinctively new feature, including lovely soft new shades—ashes of roses, wisteria, taupe, reseda, catawba, champagne, navy and black, in Rajah Silks, French Worsteds, and fine quality pearl finished Serges. Following Parisian tendencies the coats are principally three-quarter length and silk lined and built on the hipless effect. The skirt combining with these coats give that grace and poise of Grecian drapery so necessary with this Season's garments.

Handsome Lace and Silk Coats in all the newest Parisian and New York styles, shades of cream, reseda, Copenhagen, rose, sky, blue and black. Also a lovely selection of carriage wraps in all the latest effects. Never have we had such a lovely display to interest you.

Suits and Costumes from $45.00 *up to* $200.00
Lace and Silk Coats from 18.50 *up to* 150.00
Carriage Wraps from .. 35.00 *up to* 175.00

SAVE YOUR FACE

It is well worth while. Don't let your cheeks get rough or red, or your lips chapped, when you can so easily prevent it by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It will keep your skin fresh and soft and beautiful in spite of winds and sun. 25 cents at your druggist's.

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clothes that have been turned out by an expert Tailor.

In formal and semi-formal garments it is particularly essential to have your order filled by a firm of high calibre.

Our reputation in the tailoring world is such as to leave no doubt as to the wisdom of placing your order here.

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Tailors to Toronto's Four Hundred.

95 KING STREET WEST

DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

andra next week, Toronto theatregoers will have an opportunity of witnessing an English version of a play which has had a great popularity in Europe. "El Gran Galeoto" by Echegaray, Spain's greatest living dramatist, has been translated into three or four different languages and has been for some years a favorite play, not only in Spain, but in Germany and Italy as well. The first performance of it given in this country was a little over a year ago at the Hollis Theatre, Boston, where Mr. Faversham presented it at a special performance. Its success on this occasion decided him to use it as his first venture in the career of actor-manager.

The motive of the play is the power of scandal-mongering to wreck happiness and ruin lives. In this case wagging tongues cause a husband to become insanely jealous without the slightest real reason; and the result is that his home is broken up and his wife is in the end thrown into the arms of the other man. The play is said to be full of striking scenes and also to possess a high ethical value. Mr. Faversham is supported by a strong company, including Julie Opp, Olive Oliver, H. Cooper Cliffe, Morton Selten, Berten Churchill, Lionel Belmore, and Harry Redding.

* * *

The wild and woolly West, as depicted in "The Virginian," will occupy the boards for the first half of next week at the Princess, the second half being devoted to grand opera, as interpreted by the Italian

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT
With Fannie Ward in "The New Lady Bantock."

Grand Opera Company. The play is, of course, a dramatization of Owen Wister's novel of the same name, and is typical of a certain class of drama and novel usually dubbed "Western"—for about the same reason as some people call a silk hat a "beaver," in spite of its very distant connection with the national emblem. But though the charge of "nature-faking" may be made, there can be no doubt of the general popularity of the plays and books in question. People seem to like the noble slangy hero and the wicked crack-shot villain and the canned-alkali atmosphere. And this accounts for the popularity of "The Virginian" which is among the best of its kind. There is lots of action in it and all the other constituents of a fine breezy play. Also the company which will appear at the Princess includes, at least, two well-known and capable actors in W. S. Hart and Frank Campeau.

* * *

"Harry Bryant's Extravaganza" is to be the offering at the Gayety next week. As is usual with this class of entertainment, there is just a thread of plot running through the show, and on this is strung a hodge-podge of humorous acts.

* * *

Heney, the "habitant" entertainer, will recite a number of Dr. Drummond's poems at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening next. He will be assisted by Joseph Saucier, baritone, and Emile Taranto, violinist.

* * *

A play by Jerome K. Jerome, "The New Lady Bantock," will be the attraction at the Princess for the week of April 19. Miss Fannie Ward is the star, assisted by Charles Cartwright, the eminent English actor.

FIRST NIGHTER.

It's Your Liver That Makes You Constipated

The bowels move only when the liver gives up enough bile. To correct Constipation, you must correct the torpid, sluggish liver. Abbey's Salt regulates the bowels by regulating the liver. It makes the liver active and healthy—cure Constipation—and is a tonic for the whole system. 23

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 50c. a bottle. At all dealers.

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John Kay Company

John Kay Company beg to announce the arrival of immense spring shipments of

NEW CARPETS AND RUGS

They are from the foremost makers in England, and constitute a very complete exposition of what is new, exclusive and of artistic merit in the productions for 1909.

The Kay Company's well-earned reputation for importing only Carpets of distinction and quality will be enhanced by their magnificent showing of this year.

You are cordially invited to call and make a leisurely inspection of the display.

This brief description of some of the principal lines will be useful to out-of-town customers when corresponding.

ORIENTAL RUGS AND CARPETS

There is, perhaps, no class of merchandise in which the purchaser is more often deceived than in Oriental Rugs and Carpets. Knowing this the prudent buyer will make sure that he deals with a house of repute and integrity.

Our facilities for securing good weaves at lowest prices are of the best, and our customers may rest assured that every rug we offer is just as represented. Prices with us are marked in plain figures, and are reasonable always.

Big shipments are just to hand, including choice lot of ANTIQUE SHIRVANS, in small and medium sizes, for halls, etc., at from **$16.50 to $35 each.** KAZAKS, 4 ft. by 7 ft., at from **$20 to $40.**

SMALL ANTIQUE Rugs of various makers, in sizes suitable for use in vestibules, etc., ranging in size from 3 ft. x 4 ft. to 3 ft. 6 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. at **$7.50 each.**

Large TURKEY Carpets, in sizes from 6 ft. x 9 ft. to 12 ft. x 15 ft., at from **$30 to $125.**

And a big assortment in various sizes of these noted makers:

SULTANEH	SPARTA
AFGHAN	KANDAHAR
TABRIZ	BOKHARA
BESHIRS	KIERMAN
SOUMAH	MIRZAPORE

DONEGAL RUGS

We make a specialty of this famous hand-tufted rug, carrying a good selection in stock.

In appearance, as in their wonderful durability, Donegal rugs resemble some of the heavier Oriental weaves.

SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS RUGS

Another famous make in hand-woven rugs is the Sutherland and Caithness. They are made in Scotland under the distinguished patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the Duke and Duchess of Portland.

So far they have been produced chiefly in graceful designs and delicate shades adapted for use in drawing-rooms, boudoirs, etc. **We show some fine examples of this class. Chiefly, however, we want to emphasize the fact that we can supply this rug and the Donegal rug above described made to your order in any special size, shape or design that may be required.**

Kay's ENGLISH WILTONS

$1.65 to $2.75 per Yard

To do justice to our superb stock of Wilton Carpets would take many columns. We have only room to make brief mention of drawing-room designs, in self colors and chintz effects, of pretty, two-toned designs for bedrooms and boudoirs, in shades of green, blue, rose, and brown, and of splendid Oriental designs for halls and stairs, and for the dining-room and library.

In this, as in Brussels and Axminster Carpets, many of the designs we show are exclusive with us; woven especially to our order.

Kay's English Wiltons, per yard **$1.65, $2, $2.25, $2.50 and $2.75.**

Kay's ENGLISH AXMINSTERS

$1.75 to $3.50 per Yard

This splendid weave has almost infinite possibilities in color combination and design, and for that reason and for its deep pile and rich appearance is high in favor for the principal rooms in the house.

Our importations for 1909 include some exquisitely beautiful effects in shades of green, grey, brown, rose, and blue.

The period designs we show in this make:—Louis XIV., Louis XV., Empire, etc. are worthy of special mention for their close adherence in color and design to the spirit of the famous originals.

Kay's English Axminsters, per yard, **$1.75, $2.25, $2.40 and $3.50.**

Kay's ENGLISH BRUSSELS

$1.00 to $1.75 per Yard

If there is one thing more than another upon which we pride ourselves, it is our special high-grade Brussels Carpets. We have them in a splendid range of designs, suitable for all rooms—small dainty patterns in light shades for bedrooms, beautiful floral designs for drawing-rooms, and rich, dark Oriental and conventional designs in strong heavy weaves for such rooms as the sitting-room, dining-room, halls and stairs, where the usage is hard and constant. Kay's English Brussels, per yard, **$1.00 to $1.75.**

New Linoleums

The place to buy Linoleums is here. We import in immense quantities, direct from the best makers in England. That we sell at rock-bottom prices is evidenced by the numerous large orders we secure in open competition.

Inlaid Linoleums, two yards wide.. Per square yard, **75c., 90c., $1.10 and $1.35.**

Cork Carpets, two yards wide. Per square yard, **75c., 85c., $1.00 and $1.10.**

Nairn's Celebrated Plain Linoleums, in two and four-yard widths. Per square yard, **65c., 80c., and 95c.**

New Wall Papers

Our showing in this important line is by far the best we ever made. We now have what is probably the finest collection of high-class wall papers in Canada. Samples of wall papers and suggestions for the decorative treatment of rooms will be promptly mailed to any address on request. When writing in this connection it is advisable to give as full particulars as possible in regard to the rooms to be treated.

RUGS

Rugs have of late years grown enormously in favor. Increased demand has stimulated the makers to produce new designs and richer effects, and it is now possible to obtain rugs suitable in pattern, color, and size for every room in the house.

We import in very large quantities, and have also superior facilities for making rugs to order so that in cases where even our own immense stocks do not afford the design or size required, **we can supply them woven to order, not only in any size or color effect, but also in any shape, so that a floor of irregular outline may be covered in all its nooks and ingles with a one-piece carpet.**

The attention of architects is especially called to this important feature of our business.

BRUSSELS RUGS WILTON RUGS AXMINSTER RUGS

Our showing in these splendid makes embraces a range of designs shown now for the first time in Canada. Rich Oriental copies, beautiful period designs, and chintz effects, patterns and colors suited for every room in the house, in all the sizes generally asked for. **The latter make, like the Donegal, Sutherland and Caithness Rugs, we can supply to order in any shape or size, and in colors to suit any scheme of decoration.**

Colored plates with prices will be promptly mailed to out-of-town customers on request.

WOOL SQUARES

This season we have made a distinct departure in these weaves. While our new importations are wool squares at a low price, the designs and colors are superior to anything we have heretofore shown, and are such as to warrant their use in the finest bedrooms.

Prices range from $9.00 to $25.00.

JOHN KAY COMPANY, LIMITED

36 and 38 King Street West, Toronto

What the Grocers say,

ABOUT

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

Fraser, Viger & Co, Limited, of Montreal, have the reputation throughout Canada, of catering to the highest class of trade. This well known house also believes in telling their patrons about their best goods.

In an advertisement, which appeared in "The Montreal Daily Star" of February 13th., Fraser, Viger & Co., Limited thus call attention to the merits of "The Original and Genuine Worcestershire."

Genuine Worcestershire Sauce Lea & Perrins'

Among all the various Sauces that flood the market, Lea & Perrins', the "GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE," is still in the lead by a big margin. Its flavor is unique and most appetizing, different from all others. We sell Lea & Perrins' Genuine Worcestershire Sauce in three different sizes.

Large bottles.....$1.00 each
Medium bottles.....50 each
Small bottles.....35 each

This advertisement was unsolicited by us, and is a striking instance of the esteem in which Lea & Perrins' Sauce is held by the grocers, as well as by the consumers.

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL
Agents for Canada. Established 1857.

LARGE
FAMILY WASHINGS
Special Rates and Careful Work
Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street
Phone Main 1580

PHONE
W.H. STONE CO.
UNDERTAKERS
32 CARLTON ST.
N. 3755

JAEGER
PURE WOOL

For coolness and comfort during the hot days there's nothing to equal Jaeger Day and Night Wear. Jaeger Wear is beautifully light and soft—does not become clammy, sticky, and chilly like linen and cotton allowing the perspiration to escape, keeping the skin cool and fresh.

Jaeger Wear is made to promote the highest health and comfort of the body.

UNDERWEAR which is really Cool in Summer

Made in finest Gauze Web in all sizes for men, women and children; Neglige Shirts in Pure Wool "Cambric", "Tussore" and "Taffeta"; Golf Coats; Socks; Stockings; Ties; Soft Collars, etc.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

TRADE MARK A ways look for the Jaeger trade mark

10 Adelaide St. West
Also at Montreal and Winnipeg

Music Notes

Mrs. Kathryn Innes-Taylor's recital should create a furore. Years ago she was a delightful singer and a fine musician, and, now that she has had experience and success, one can look forward to a perfect evening. Her programme is fascinating. She first gives a group of old French songs, including "Brunette," which Dr. Vogt arranged for the women's chorus of the Mendelssohn Choir, and which was so well received here and in Chicago. The next group is of old English songs, and some modern ones. Then comes a group of modern French songs, an aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue," and "Mandoline" by Debussy, "Les Berceux" by Gabriel Faure, and "Le Moulin" by Pierne. Miss Caldwell will play and Mrs. Blight will be the accompaniste. Conservatory Hall should be crowded on the night of the 14th.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon closes his series of twilight organ recitals in the Metropolitan Church on Good Friday afternoon with the following programme: "Marche Funebre et Chant Seraphique," Guilmant; "Andantino No. 2," Lemare; part 1 of Rheinberger's "11th Sonata"; "Melody in F," Rubinstein"; Fantasia on Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, "Lux"; "Lullaby," Vogt.

* * *

The Easter music at the Church of the Holy Trinity will be very impressive. Mr. A. R. Blackburn will have an efficient orchestra assisting the choir, and Mr. Paul Hahn will play a 'cello solo during the offertory in the morning.

KING EDWARD SHOE STORE

YOU are invited to inspect our exclusive line of Men's High-grade Shoes. We are conveniently located in the King Edward Hotel, with entrances both on the rotunda and Victoria Street.

King Edward Hotel Shoe Store
V. J. McCABE

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTHS

EDMONDS—On Sunday, April 4, 1909, at 126 Crescent road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. John Edmonds, a son.

DEATHS.

FERGUSON—At Horning's Mills, Ont., on Wednesday, March 31, 1909, Thos. C. Ferguson, aged 73 years, 5 months, 19 days.

HAMER—On Saturday, April 3, 1909, at his late residence, Berlamond avenue, William Thornton Hamer, manager of Metropolitan Bank, East Toronto.

JONES—At Lethbridge, Alberta, on 5th inst., B. Morton Jones, formerly of Toronto, barrister, aged 38, second son of Rev. Septimus Jones, Toronto.

KENNEDY—On Monday, April 5, 1909, at the residence of her son, Jno. S. Moran, 229 Spadina road, Margaret Kennedy, aged 80 years.

CLARKE—At his residence in Elora, on Tuesday, April 6, 1909, Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, late Clerk of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, in his 82rd year.

JARDINE—At 119 Rusholme road, Toronto, on Sunday, April 4, 1909, Elizabeth, widow of the late A. Jardine.

For Easter.

In all the Fashionable Shades.

If you want gloves that will always be a pleasure to you as long as you wear them—buy Perrin Gloves.

Perrin Gloves excel in faultless style and fit, fullest comfort and finest workmanship.

Made of the best materials only.

All sizes for men, women and children. Look for the Perrin trademark. That is your guarantee of genuine quality.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

VIN MARIANI

Endorsed and recommended by more than eight thousand prominent physicians as a most effective, agreeable and reliable tonic-stimulant for Body, Brain and Nerves, when over-worked and fatigued.

Recommended throughout the world by the Medical profession and pronounced the tonic restorative "par excellence."

As an adjuvant it is found especially useful in the treatment of

Nervous Troubles	La Grippe
Dyspepsia	Nervous Prostration
Malaria	General Debility
Anaemia	Tardy Convalescence
Loss of Sleep	Loss of Blood
Consumption	Impotency
Overwork	Melancholia
Indigestion	Sea Sickness

Throat and Lung Troubles. All Wasting Diseases and after Fevers.

"The officers and men under my charge bless the name "Mariani" and I join them, knowing the benefits derived from your marvelous tonic. It gives the vigor and force of resistance requisite to exist in this debility, killing continent—Africa."

DR. EMERY DESBROUSSES,
Surgeon-General, Medical Inspector
French Army
Commander Legion d'Honneur.

"Mariani wine is without doubt the most reliable of tonics."

DR. DU CAZAL,
Physician in chief French Army,
Member Academy of Medicine, France,
Professor of Clinical Medicine,
Officer Legion d'Honneur.

Sold by all pharmacists - - The world over

SHREDDED

Creates Bodily Vim and Mental Vigor.

To serve—heat in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste. Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton; two for 25c.

WHEAT

IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S Glycerine and Cucumber

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)

Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.

It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

March.

DURNED if March don't make me tired!
Reputation its acquired
Comes plumb honest, no mistake;
March is ginerally awake!
One day soft an' calm an' bright,
Next it rains or snows 'fore night.
Ain't no month in all the year
Gives sech promises of cheer
An' don't fill 'em. Wind jest turns,
Turns an' twists, an' fairly churns
Things, ontel, I swan, yore daft
At the weather's cunnin' craft.

You think spring's a-comin' in,
Makes you want to work an' win.
Hear a bluebird, maybe, high
In the hov'rin' pale blue sky,
Pick a vi'let som'ers roun',
Er a dandelion's foun',
An' you git the ol' plough out—
Things is changin' hereabout.
Ain't no use, it's all a bluff,
Natur' can't deliver the stuff;
Turns that cold you think you'll freeze,
March don't seem to want to please.

Still, there's somethin' honest like,
Ez the months go down the pike,
In ol' March. Seems like it would
Break grim winter if it could.
Kind o' hints o' fruits an' flowers,
An' looks like it bends its powers
To bring sunshine sweet an' calm
An' fill ev'ry breeze with balm.
Wants, I think, to do plum right,
An' it's full o' vim, an' fight.
Ain't got sense enuff fer guile,
March ain't—jest its nervous style!
—Charles W. Stevenson, in New York Sun.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to a Paris journal an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiegne and Roye. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:

"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le cure?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply; "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveler: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.

IN the course of a recent address a clergyman, endeavoring to illustrate what many people of the twentieth century go to church for, told the story of a woman who, after hearing him preach, informed a friend that she did not like the services at all. The seat was hard, she said, the singing was not good, and the preaching was poor. Her little girl, who overheard her remarks and who was present with her at church, said:

"What can you expect for a penny?"

THE ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE TO BUFFALO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL, DETROIT AND CHICAGO

Via the Grand Trunk Railway System. First-class equipment and excellent train service as follows: to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and New York, 9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m.; to Montreal, 7.30 a.m., 9.00 a.m., 8.30 p.m. and 10.15 p.m.; to Detroit and Chicago, 8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11.00 p.m. Above trains all run daily. Secure tickets and make reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, phone main 4209.

SEATTLE THIS SUMMER

With its latest of World's Fairs, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, is the magnet of the continent. Thousands of people will take advantage of the low rates, the additional attraction to the long-promised Pacific Coast trip, and the splendid opportunity of seeing the wonderful prairie and mountain scenery of Western Canada. Tickets by the Canadian Pacific direct line will be on sale May 20 to Sept 30 at greatly reduced rates.

Dr. Goldwin Smith, in a short letter to the Cornell Era, tells of his ideal in athletics. This is a pithy paragraph from his statement: "I see that the number of athletes failing to pass a university examination is less than it was. The shade of Ezra Cornell will rejoice. What our founder wanted was not show of muscle, but preparation for life, in which in the case of university men muscle does not count for much. The force spent in football can not be recalled for study. Let us have games by all means, but games with exercise, not exhaust, and in which all alike can take part. Besides there is military drill, good in itself, and not to be neglected if the force of the country is to be kept in the right hands. Into some universities the betting ring seems to have crept; never, I hope, into ours."

WHEN

Germaine Schnitzer

The Brilliant Viennese PIANIST

appears at Massey Hal on Thursday evening, April 15, as Soloist with the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra of Dresden, Germany, she will use the

"NEW SCALE WILLIAMS"

CONCERT GRAND PIANO

This is a *wonderful compliment* for this *great instrument*, as Miss Schnitzer is one of the sensations of the season. She has played with the Damrosch Orchestra, New York, and the Boston Symphony, and in each city the critics have simply raved over her.

There are many Musicians who do not realize what a wonderful instrument the "New Scale Williams" is, and we trust they will attend this recital and hear Canada's great piano in all its glory.

We have a full line of these beautiful pianos in both upright and Grands and to intending purchasers we extend a cordial invitation to call.

To be sure they will cost you a little more than other pianos, but the satisfaction of having the best is worth the small difference in price.

143 YONGE ST THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO LIMITED. TORONTO.

BULLOCH, LADE & CO'S "GOLD LABEL" SCOTCH WHISKY

A Brand, the great reputation of which was built, and is sustained by the very highest quality and absolute purity.

FOR SALE BY Leading Wine Merchants

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Flint & Kent—Buffalo

Out-of-Town Visitors to Our Store

Will find themselves well repaid for their journey, if indeed their purpose be no more than to *see* our store, with its rare and generous showing of choice merchandise.

To be distinguished for doing things well, rather than *large;* for providing the choicest merchandise, the most novel, and always of the newest and most exclusive fashion; in other words, in a *distinctive* way; this sort of distinction is appreciated by thoughtful people, as the kind of success to be coveted in a business for discriminating men and women.

Of course the prices must be reasonable, as well as the merchandise good.

Fashions for Women and Girls

In Coats, Dresses, Costumes, Waists

The best from American designers and reproductions from Foreign models.

Attention is directed to exclusive styles in

Novelty Suits at $45, $55, $85. Plain Tailored Suits at $25, $35, $45.
Dinner Gowns at $55 to $195. Silk Dresses, $25, $35, $45.
Imported Lace Coats in black and in white at $25 to $95.
Spring Coats at $15, $20, $25.
French Crepon, hand-made Waists at $15 to $35.
Novelty Lingerie Waists at $10, $15, $25.
Silk and Net waists in a variety of exclusive styles in this season's most fashionable colors.
Lingerie Dresses at $15, $25, $35. Lingerie Waists at $2, $3.50, $5.
Laundered Waists at $2.50, $3.50, $5

Girls' Dresses and Coats

An elaborate showing of dresses, excelling all our previous collections.

White Dresses—$10, $12.50, $15
Linen, lawn, muslin.

School Dresses—$2.50, $3.50, $4
Percale and gingham, particularly attractive patterns, and stylish models.

Second Floor.

Plaid Dresses—$5, $7.50, $10
Anderson's Ginghams.

Girls' Coats—$5, $7.50, $10
Navy blue serge, $5, $7.50, $10
Exclusive patterns in tweeds, $12.50, $15, $20.

Easter Fashions for Boys

Smart styles conforming to the best taste, but not extreme in cut or finish. Suits and coats modeled on lines of men's clothing.

Cloths selected for durability; linings and trimmings of the better sort; tailoring unsurpassed.

Boys' Furnishings

New mannish styles, latest and best.

Two-piece Suits—$8, $10, $12
Finest cloths, late style and new colorings. Three special lines in sizes 10 to 17 years.

Sailor and Russian Suits—$5, $6.50, $8.50.
Bright patterns, suitable for lads 3 to 10 years.

Second Floor

Hats and Caps—50c. to $3.
All that is new for boys, and many may be worn by girls.

Top Coats—$6.50, $8.50, $10
Fancy tweeds, whip cords, velours and coverts. New cuff and new pocket effects. 3 to 17 years.

Wash Suits—$1.50 to $6.50 . .
New models of galatea, poplin, gingham, khaki and Irish linen. 3 to 10 years, and from $1.50 to $6.50.

Women's Fine Footwear

Boots, Oxfords, Pumps, Slippers.

We are sole agents for Laird, Schober & Co.'s and Wichert & Gardner's high grade footwear, representing the best products of American manufacture, in material, workmanship, designing and modeling, satisfying the requirements of the most critical in respect of comfort as well as fashion.

Boots, Extreme Novelties—$8
Black and gray suede button boots, hand sewed, finest quality and newest shapes.

Colored Top Boots—$6, $7
With patent leather vamp.

Novelties in Footwear.
All the late desired novelties in boots and Oxfords for women.

Third Floor.

Suede Ties—$5 and $6
Black, gray, tan, green suede, one and two holes, "the latest."

Tan Oxfords—$3.50, $4, $5, $6
Tan Russian Calf, one, two and three hole Oxfords, newest shapes.

Evening Slippers—$4, $5
Satin and kid in black, white, blue, pink, yellow.

All shoes from $5 to $8 are "Bench-made."

Men's High-Grade Furnishings

The Men's Section of Our Store

The men's section of our store is a complete haberdashery shop of the best sort, in which fastidious men find satisfaction in supplying their wants.

Representing exclusively many noted manufacturers of men's goods and controlling many lines of exclusive novelties of various sorts, very exceptional advantages are afforded to purchasers.

The sales people in this section are all men of long experience and trained judgment, who have rare intelligence in discerning individual tastes and wants.

Custom Shirt Section.

With 1,200 or more patterns of cloth for selection, Madras, Oxford cloth, percale, silk, silk and linen and fine Viyella flannel. Order a sample shirt. We are confident it will be satisfactory.

"Ready-to-Wear" Shirts — $1.50, $2, $2.50, $3, $3.50 to $6.
High grade garments, perfect fitting, plain and plaited bosom, light and dark colors. Cuffs attached and detached, all sleeve lengths.

Pajamas and Night Shirts—75c. to $12.
White and fancy Madras and plain and fancy "Togo" cloth, silk and linen and all silk, $2.50 to $12 for pajamas. Night shirts 75c. to $5.

High grade Cravats—50c., $1, $1.50 up to $3.50.
Exclusive in the designs of silk as well as in their shapes. An extensive assortment is shown in anticipation of Easter.

Fancy Half Hose—50c., $1 up to $6 a pair.
Lisle thread and fine silk in the new spring shades, plain colors and self embroidered. New effects quiet and stylish.
Fine shades in tan.

South from Entrance.

Mail Orders receive prompt and careful attention.

Requests for samples should state fabric; color and preference and approximate price.

$5 purchases, Express paid, within 150 miles of Buffalo.

We refund railway fares in accordance with the regulations of the Retail Merchants' Board. Full details will be mailed upon request.

560 Main Street. FLINT & KENT, BUFFALO, N.Y.

SPORTING COMMENT

(*Continued from page* 13.)

scientific boxer has ever entered the prize ring.

A writer in the New York Sun said recently on this subject: "Old Jem Mace was the real master in the art of boxing. His style was simply perfect, and all those English lads who have been boxing here lately have adopted his tactics. Along in the '70s Mace went to Australia and taught Larry Foley and other young fellows how to hit, stop and get away. His teachings developed a lot of clever fellows who invaded America twenty years ago and proceeded to waltz through our fighters with ease. As soon as I saw Young Griffo box I immediately recognized Mace's style, although I don't believe Griffo ever saw the veteran English pugilist. But it was Larry Foley who taught Griffo, and Foley got it all from Mace. Fitz, by the way, was one of the Australians who learned his art from Foley and then came here. He was a straight puncher and quickly cut his way to the middle-weight championship, afterward to the heavyweight title when he landed his famous solar plexus punch in Corbett's stomach."

* * *

PEOPLE who are fond of harness racing will find much to interest them in the account of the origin of the sport in America, recently published in The New York Herald. According to this article, the beginning of the great popularity of driving trotters on the road can be traced to the introduction of light wagons with elliptic steel springs. Before these vehicles appeared the speeding of a fast horse in harness had few attractions for the horseman, who escaped no roughness of the road as he sat perched upon a seat in a box which rested directly on the axles. Practically the only fast trotting prior to this period was done under saddle, and it is interesting to note that in the early years of track trotting the great majority of races were thus decided. As the popularity of road driving increased and as the wagon and sulky were perfected races in harness became more and more numerous, while trotting under saddle steadily lost ground until it disappeared, more than thirty years ago.

The earliest trotting or pacing race of which any record has been found was started from a New York road house called the De Lancey Arms. This wayside tavern stood in the Bowery lane, near what is now the corner of Fourth avenue and Eighteenth street. It seems to have been an all around sporting resort in Colonial days, for in 1763 it was the scene of a bull baiting, and in the previous year it was the meeting place for four horses that raced up the road about half a mile to Watts' gate, near the present corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-ninth street. The names of the starters were The Albany Skimmer, Shuttle, Bay Robbin and White Footed Raughery, the first of which picturesque appellations suggests unmistakably the rapid, low striding action of the fast pacer.

The Jamaica turnpike was the first famous speeding ground in the vicinity of New York. Until the New York Trotting Club's track came into existence, in 1826, it was the accepted course for the decision of match races, and as early as 1818 it was the scene of the first match against time of which there is any record. On a wager of $1,000 that no horse could be produced capable of trotting a mile in 3.00 Boston Blue, or, as some say, the Boston Pony, covered the distance between two mile-stones just west of Jamaica in fast enough time to win the money, though how fast he trotted is unknown. The backer of the horse was Major William Jones, of Cold Spring Harbor, L.I., who owned and raced Mambrino, son of imported Messenger and sire of Tredwell's Abdallah, and whose great-grandson, Thomas Floyd-Jones, is a well-known New York horseman of to-day.

PLAYFAIR.

There is no more certain way to provide against the uncertainties of life and to make provision for old age than by a Life Insurance Policy on the Endowment plan. Year by year an Estate is gradually accumulated that insures independence in later years and provision for the family should death occur. The Federal Life Assurance Company issues attractive Policies on Life and Endowment plans.

"Hello, old man!" exclaimed Dubley at the Literary Circle reception; "it's a pleasant surprise to meet you here." "Good of you to say so, old chap," replied Brown. "Yes, you see, I was afraid I wouldn't find anybody but bright and cultured people here."—Catholic Standard and Times.

One hardly realizes that the pay of a single militia colonel would double the pay of a whole volunteer battalion. It is so.—Ottawa Journal.

"EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES"

We carry in stock at all times the most varied assortment of high class, imported, Egyptian Cigarettes brought into Canada. "NICOLAS SOUSSA," "DIMITRINO," "MELACHRINO," "THEODORE VAFIADIS," "QUO. VADIS," "EVANGELINE CHRISTOV," "OSBORNE," "NESTOR GIANICLIS," "WENEROPOLIS" and other well known lines of imported cigarettes.

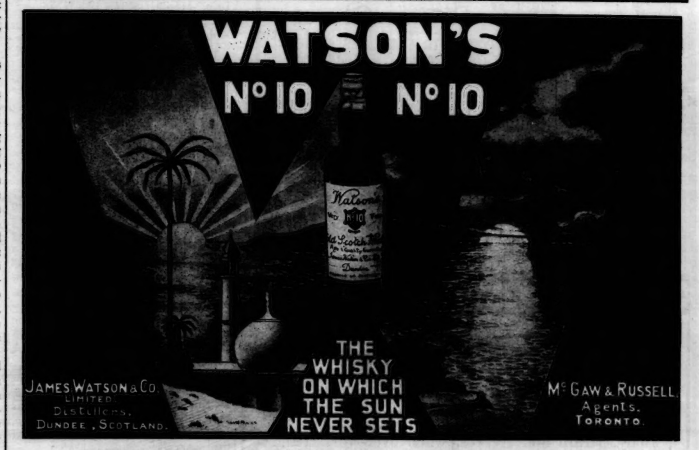
A. CLUBB & SONS, "Only Store" **5 King St. West**
"Depot for BBB Pipes" "Write for Prices"

B.B.B. Briar Pipes

Were awarded the GRAND PRIX at the Franco-British Exhibition, London, 1908, the highest honor obtainable.

B BB

ON SALE A ' ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.



"QUEEN CITY" LAWN GRASS SEED

There is nothing more charming than a well-designed house surrounded by a beautiful Lawn and grounds.

We have made the formation of Lawns a study for years, and many of the finest Lawns and grass plots in Canada were obtained by using the "Queen City" Lawn Grass Seed, with which a perfect and permanent lawn may be established in a few weeks' time. This celebrated Lawn Grass is composed of a thoroughly balanced combination of various native and foreign fine-leaved, deep-rooting grasses of interweaving habit, that flourish in various conditions of soils and climates, growing during different seasons of the year, so that a deep green and velvety sward is maintained all the year round, its constant luxuriance rivalling the famous lawns of England.

The quantity required for making a handsome lawn is 80 to 100 lbs. per acre, or for renovating old lawns, 25 to 30 lbs. For a plot 20 x 20, or 400 square feet, one pound is required for new lawns or about half a pound for renovation. Per lb., 30c.; postpaid, 35c.; 25 lb. lots, 28c. per lb.; postpaid, 33c. per lb. Special prices for large quantities on application.

FANCY WHITE & DUTCH CLOVER

Most valuable for thickening up lawns when sown with Grass Seed. Per lb., 30c.; by mail, postpaid, 35c.

"QUEEN CITY" LAWN FERTILIZER

Especially prepared for use upon lawns, and contains all the constituents for promoting a quick, luxuriant growth and a rich green color. It it absolutely odorless, and so clean that it can be applied with no offence to the organs of sight or smell. It is quick in stimulating the grass roots to greater activity, thereby inducing a thick velvety surface upon the lawn. The common habit of applying coarse stable manure upon lawns causes weeds to grow, and is very offensive both to sight and smell. Better and cleaner results are secured by using "Queen City" Lawn Fertilizer. When making a new lawn apply from 150 to 200 lbs. per acre, raking well into the soil. For improving the lawn, about 1 lb. for each 16 feet square. Apply when the grass is dry and if possible just before a shower. Price, 5 lbs., 50c.; 10 lbs., 75c.; 25 lbs., $1.25; 50 lbs., $2.00; 100 lbs., $3.50. By freight at purchaser's expense.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED
Phone Main 1982 **130 and 132 King Street East**